

LEND A HAND.

A RECORD OF PROGRESS.

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The New Haven session of the International Conference of Charities and Correction has left its monument in the remarkable papers which have been printed, and in some others which we shall have the pleasure of laying before our readers.

Such an occasion, and the study of its results which follows, compels us to form some estimate of the advance which society is making in handling pauperism and crime, and to ask where it fails most. It is certain that neither writers nor workmen attach the problems in hand with the romantic consideration which they expected in the beginning of the century.

It is as well that they do not. The early literature of sociology, if we are to accept that word, was very largely in the hands of enthusiasts without experience. To speak quite frankly of men to whom the world owes much, it must be owned that many of the theorists would have gained a great deal by hard work in what we call official duty. The prison keepers listened with ill-concealed scorn to John Howard and to Baron de Gérando, and they had the justification

of saying that neither of these philanthropists had had to administer the details of a prison.

A German clergyman once spoke to Frederick the Great on the perfectibility of human nature. Frederick passed him gruffly, and only said, "You do not know these cattle." The story illustrates well enough the contrast in those times between those who put people in prison and those who wished to reform them.

All this changes itself, when men and women are placed in charge of prisoners, who are themselves vitally interested in those under their charge. Again it changes itself when men who love their kind, and are proud to be called "philanthropists," address themselves practically to the "proper study of mankind," and find out what these cattle are.

The new interest which the literature of the subject excites, belongs to the refreshment which the infusion of fact, stern and obstinate though it may be, gives to the moral or even the sentimental side of the inquiry.

In general, it is fair to say, that we are learning by some very terrible experiences that the fathers were not wrong, when they supposed that there is a moral and spiritual philosophy at the bottom of our enterprises for reform. Reform is not a matter of statutes or of machinery, as perhaps the English statesmen of the time of the "March of Intellect" thought it was. Intellect, for instance, proves to have much less to do with the more or less of crime than the leaders thought. There exist, for instance, admirable statistical tables by Horace Mann, which were intended to prove that if people are sent to public schools in youth they will not commit crime when they are men and women. No educator of intelligence, and no student of crime would say this now, in the confident way in which Mr. Mann said it. Book education is a tool. It is a very good tool. But it may be a very useful tool to very bad men. Mr. Oscar Wilde and Mr. William Hurlburt have not been saved from crime by very superior education.

It has proved, again, as the century has crept by, that in the so-called reform by which women have been called into the activities of life which are pursued away from home, they have lost the comparative immunity from crime which distinguished the generation of women at the beginning of the century. The countries most successful in introducing women into competition with men, have had to pay for it, by the increase of crime among women. At this moment, Scotland, where women compete with men in factories, on farms, and in other active employments, has the largest proportion of criminal women,—women who are suffering the penalties of crime. “Scotch women commit a higher percentage of crime in proportion to men than the female population of any other country of Europe. The proportion of English female offenders to male is not half so high.” These are Mr. Morrison’s words. Poor Italy shows only one quarter as much crime among women as Scotland.

In the line of encouragement, if we compare one department of inquiry with another, the greatest success has been in the stay of juvenile crime in England. This is due, apparently, to the industrial schools and reformatories which have been established within the last fifty years. Each of these establishments, it is fair to say, has profited by the experience of its predecessors, and thus has grown up a system for the care of the young who would otherwise be neglected, such as no one pretended to a century ago.

But without going into detail, it is enough to say that the well-wrought experiments on the practical side of fifty years past, and the well-considered studies, which perhaps may be called theories, on the other side, have come out upon a very simple gospel. They point pitilessly at the necessity of the best training of the young. And by the best training we mean training that they shall be good.

“Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever.”

It appears there is no panacea in this business after disease has been contracted. It appears that the institution best fitted to make people good is an institution which the

older generations thought was planned by the good God Himself when He founded the family,—that is, the institution called Home. The nearer we can make our state reformatories resemble old-fashioned Christian homes, the better for the state and the better for the pupil. In a word, the experimenting of fifty years proves that this difference between right and wrong is a radical difference. As Dr. Martineau says, it is the same law in the farthest nebula which it is in this speck which is called the earth. And the triumph of the twentieth century, or the fiftieth century, will be secured if we can train people to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with their God.

EDWARD E. HALE.

FREE PUBLIC LIBRARIES.

[The following extracts from the Fifth Annual Report of the Free Public Library Commission of Massachusetts will show the satisfactory results of the work of the last year and the importance of such a commission in the education of the people of a state.]

Since the appointment of the commission, free public libraries have been established in seventy of the towns that were without free libraries in 1890, and books have been supplied to twenty-five towns under the provisions of Chapter 255 of the Acts of 1892.

Thirteen towns have accepted the provisions of chapter 347 of the Acts of 1890, and been supplied with books by the commission during the year.

One town has also accepted the act, but has not yet been supplied with books, for the reason of informality in compliance with some of the provisions of the law. A free public library has been established in another town without aid from the commission.

Of the 353 towns and cities in the state, 247 contain free public libraries that are entirely under municipal control;

32 contain libraries the use of which is entirely free, and in the management of which the municipality is in some form represented; 22 contain libraries to which the town or city appropriates money, but over which it has no control. Most of these libraries are free for circulation, but a few are free only for reference. Twenty towns contain free public libraries that are supported entirely by private benefaction, and with which the municipality has no official connection; and 32 towns have no public library, though in a few of this class small association libraries exist.

One hundred and six towns are still entitled to the benefit of the state appropriation if they will establish free town libraries under full municipal control. All but 32 of these towns already contain free libraries, or libraries in which the public has free rights or privileges. It is a matter for the careful consideration of the inhabitants of the towns included in classes two, three and four, more especially the smaller towns, whether it would not be wise for them to make their libraries town libraries, under the control of trustees chosen by vote of the town, in the same manner as committees are chosen for the control of the public schools. Any town making this change will be entitled to receive one hundred dollars' worth of books from the commission.

Under the provisions of chapter 355 of the Acts of 1892, which authorized the commission to furnish one hundred dollars' worth of books to any town whose valuation does not exceed \$600,000, and which maintained a free public library before the law of 1890 went into effect, books have been supplied during the year to five towns.

Two towns have accepted the act, but have not yet been supplied with books, on account of informality in their application.

Eight towns are still entitled to the benefit of this law.

The following gifts and other matters of interest relative to libraries have come to the notice of the commission during the year:

ADAMS.—With the coöperation of the town certain public-spirited citizens will erect a building to cost \$40,000, for the use of the public library and the Grand Army. It is to be built of buff brick, with terra cotta trimmings.

AYER.—The new building given to the town of Ayer by Mr. F. F. Ayer of New York, was dedicated June 15.

BOXFORD.—The will of the late Charles Herrick of Topsfield bequeathed \$200 to the Boxford public library, the interest to be expended for books.

BRADFORD.—The late J. L. Woods of Cleveland, O., left \$15,000 for a building for the public library of Bradford, which will soon be erected.

CAMBRIDGE.—The Cambridge public library has received 110 volumes and \$390 from the estate of the late E. W. Gurney.

CARLISLE.—Mrs. Joanna Gleason of Sudbury, a native of Carlisle, has provided \$6,000 for a library building in Carlisle.

CHELMSFORD.—Mr. Amos F. Adams has begun the erection of a library building for the town of Chelmsford, which will cost \$25,000 or \$30,000. The building is of brick, with terra cotta trimmings, and the site was given by Mr. J. E. Bartlett. The North Chelmsford Library Association, in consideration of an annual appropriation from the town, has made the use of its library free to the public.

DENNIS.—Nathaniel Myrick of Spencer bequeathed \$500 to the Library Association of East Dennis.

EAST BRIDGEWATER.—Mr. Cyrus Washburn, a native of East Bridgewater, is to erect a public library building for that town.

ESSEX.—The new town hall and library building in Essex was dedicated February 15.

GROTON.—The town of Groton has received from the estate of Luther Blood a bequest of \$5,000, of which \$4,000 is to be devoted to maintaining lectures, and the income of \$1,000 to the purchase of books for the public library.

HATFIELD.—The late Samuel Huntington Dickinson pro-

vided a memorial and library building, costing \$14,500, for the town of Hatfield, which was dedicated May 30.

HOPKINTON.—A new public library building has just been completed in Hopkinton, the gift of natives and residents of the town. John Quincy Adams of Wheaton, Ill., gave \$4,000; James A. Woolson of Cambridge, \$2,500; the late N. P. Coburn of Newton, \$2,500; Mrs. Anna M. Crooks, \$1,400; Mrs. Sarah A. Crooks, \$1,000; Mr. Alfred Hemenway of Watertown and Mr. Augustus N. Woolson, \$500 each. It is built of Milford granite, with Nova Scotia buff stone trimmings.

LEICESTER.—Dr. Pliny Earle bequeathed \$6,000 to the town of Leicester for a public library building. D. Meriam gave \$5,000 and Mr. Lory S. Watson is to give \$20,000 or more for the public library building which is soon to be built for the town of Leicester. Anna Eliza Partridge bequeathed \$1,000 to the library.

LEXINGTON.—The will of the late George W. Robinson bequeaths \$1,000 to the Cary public library of Lexington.

LITTLETON.—The heirs of the late W. S. Houghton are to give a new library building to the town of Littleton.

MARSHFIELD.—Mrs. Nancy S. Waterman of Marshfield bequeathed by her will \$500 to the public library of that town.

NAHANT.—The corner-stone of the public library building at Nahant was laid July 23, 1894. It will cost the town about \$50,000.

NEWBURYPORT.—The late Rev. William O. Moseley of Newburyport bequeathed \$10,000 as a trust fund for the benefit of Lucy A. Muzzey, the sum, after her death, to go to the Newburyport public library.

NEW SALEM.—The will of Mrs. Pamela A. Butterfield of Orange bequeathed \$500 for the purchase of books for the New Salem free public library, no works of fiction to be included.

NORTHAMPTON.—The Forbes Library at Northampton,

which cost, exclusive of the land, \$113,993, was dedicated October 23.

NORTH ATTLEBOROUGH.—The corner-stone of the Richards Memorial Library building at North Attleborough was laid June 16.

NORTHBOROUGH.—Mr. Cyrus Gale is to erect in the town of Northborough a public library building, to cost not less than \$15,000, and to be called the "Gale Library building."

NORTH BROOKFIELD.—The Haston free public library building at North Brookfield was dedicated September 20. It cost between \$40,000 and \$50,000.

ORANGE.—The will of Mrs. Pamela A. Butterfield bequeaths to the town of Orange a plot of land for a public library and \$500 for books, on condition that the library shall be built within two years, and be known as the Butterfield Library.

PITTSFIELD.—An interesting collection of one thousand volumes from the library of the late Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes has been given to the Berkshire Athenæum by his son, Judge Holmes.

SALEM.—The Hon. J. B. F. Osgood has presented to the Salem public library \$100 for the purchase of books for the reference library. The Essex Lodge of Odd Fellows has given its entire library of 825 volumes to the public library.

SCITUATE.—The Pierce Memorial Library building at North Scituate, erected by Mr. Silas Pierce as a memorial to his wife, was dedicated May 26.

SHIRLEY.—The Hazen Memorial Library at Shirley, costing \$5,500, of which \$3,000 was bequeathed by the late Mrs. E. D. Hazen, was dedicated April 25.

SOUTHWICK.—A new building has been erected for the public library of Southwick.

STERLING.—The public library of Sterling has come into the possession of a bequest from the will of the late Rev. Josiah K. Waite of Boston, amounting to \$3,000.

STURBRIDGE.—The late George B. Hyde, a widely-known

school-master in Boston, bequeathed \$20,000 to the free public library of his native town of Sturbridge.

TOWNSEND.—The new town and memorial hall in Townsend, which contains ample accommodations for the public library, was dedicated July 11.

UXBRIDGE.—The Thayer Memorial Library at Uxbridge was dedicated June 20. It is the gift of Mr. E. C. Thayer. It cost \$26,500, and Mr. Thayer has also given \$5,000 for a book fund.

WALPOLE.—The late Hon. Francis W. Bird gave \$5,000 to the Walpole public library.

WALTHAM.—The late Francis Buttrick bequeathed \$60,000 to the city of Waltham for a library building.

WILLIAMSBURG.—Mr. Stephen Meekins left by his will the sum of \$15,000 for the erection of a stone library building in Williamsburg, and the main portion of the residue of his estate is to constitute a fund for the purchase of books for the library.

It has occurred to the commission that there may be persons in the towns to which it has supplied libraries who wish to pursue inquiries which they are discouraged in making because needed books are not readily accessible.

Reference is not made to the wants of profound students who are making minute investigations, but to the occasional needs of every-day inquirers, such as teachers and persons of an investigating turn of mind, who have gone through the public schools and belong to literary, historical or scientific clubs or are disposed to engage in private study, either in the line of their industrial or professional occupations or for purposes of general or special cultivation.

Some of the libraries of the commonwealth are generously lending books to students within the state and at a distance, notably Harvard College library, the Boston Athenæum, and the free public library of Worcester. Some of the principal college, city, and other libraries in different states, and especially the library of the Surgeon-General's office at Washington, are extensively engaged in aiding investigators

by lending books to them, even when they live in towns at long distances from the libraries. Such loans are generally made by a librarian through other libraries rather than to individuals, the borrowing libraries making themselves responsible for losses and injuries to books and for the cost of expressage or fees of registering packages at the post-office.

The Society for the Encouragement of Studies at Home among Women has a reference library from which it lends valuable books to students who are pursuing courses of study under its auspices, many of them living in states distant from its headquarters in Boston.

The commission thinks it desirable to try the experiment, in a very humble way, of engaging in similar work.

When teachers or other persons in the towns to which it has supplied libraries wish to pursue some study, as, for example, botany, zoölogy, or history, American or foreign, or a division of a subject, it invites them to make their wants known by communicating with the chairman of the commission at the State Library, in the State House, Boston, and he will himself, or through other members of the commission, try to furnish the books needed in supplying such reasonable wants.

The commission may buy some books in doing this work. It is not intended, however, to buy a library of reference books at the start, if at any time. The commission does not wish to try to anticipate needs, but to supply needs which it finds existing through applications for information made to it.

It merely invites persons in towns to which it has supplied libraries, who wish to pursue popular investigations, to make their wants known to the officers of the libraries in the towns in which they live. These officers will then decide whether to apply to the chairman of the commission for the desired books (or for books on the subject in which there is an interest). If the library makes such an application, it will make itself responsible for losses and injuries.

The commission, on the receipt of applications, will use the various facilities which it can command in meeting the wishes of the libraries which ask for aid.

Should books in some cases be bought by the commission, they would be kept, under present arrangements, at the State House, and would form the nucleus of a reference library, under the control of the commission, collected for the purpose of answering questions which had been actually asked and which presumably would be asked again, and, perhaps frequently.

It is an experiment which the commission is trying. It wishes to test the wants of the towns specified.

Thirty-two towns are still without libraries. The aggregate population, according to the census of 1890, was 47,470—about two and one-seventh per cent. of the entire population of the commonwealth.

Twenty-four of these towns have a population of less than two thousand each and ten of less than one thousand. Twenty showed a decline in population at the last census.

The libraries that have been established by the commission have been appreciated by the communities in which they were placed, and especially serviceable to the public schools: several of them have been already provided through private generosity with tasteful and commodious buildings, and in almost all cases the towns have with great unanimity devoted a much larger sum of money for their maintenance than the minimum requirement of the law. Our libraries are in a healthy condition. The selection of books made by the local trustees gives evidence of careful and discriminating judgment; methods which combine simplicity of administration with easy facility for the use of the books generally prevail.

THE NEW NEGRO WOMAN.

BY MRS. BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.

Our world is made up of nations. The nations are made up of races, which, in their turn, are formed of classes or clans. There are, in each of these, the masses who, in their immensity, ought to not only attract the greatest attention in the way of criticism, but ought to receive the most thorough and systematic care from the rest of the world.

It is to the masses of negro women that I wish to call your attention for a few minutes. We certainly have no time to be idle in reference to these sisters of ours, for sisters they surely are. Not many days ago I was talking with a Northern white lady who told me this story: She said that, sitting beside a colored woman in a street car, she turned and said to her, "I am greatly interested in your people. I have for a number of years taught in the South," when all to the surprise of this good woman, the younger one turned, and, with a contemptuous sneer, said: "Oh, we don't have anything to do with those folks down there; they are none of us." The North, the South, the East, the West, must be one united whole in this great uplifting of our women—there can be no separation of interests, and the sooner each of us recognizes this fact, the sooner will the work be accomplished.

I repeat, we cannot be slow. We are the children of parents who were not the architects of their destiny, and perhaps we should not to-day be censured for having handed down to us a womanhood not equalling in strength that of our Caucasian sisters. But in the years that are to come we will be held responsible if the manhood, the womanhood, of the race is not higher, nobler, and stronger than it is to-day. In the words of Dr. Hale, let us "Look up and not

* Paper read at the Conference of Colored Women held in Boston, August, 1895.

down; look out and not in; look forward and not back, and lend a hand" to this mass of women who, in their helplessness, appeal to us, their older sisters—if not older in years, certainly in advantages and the things which go to make life happier and more hopeful. Women of all races had a friend in George Eliot, and it is she who says to us:

"For they, the royal-hearted women are,
Who nobly love the noble,
Yet have grace
For needy suffering lives in lowliest place;
Carrying a choicer sunlight in their smile,
The heavenliest ray that pitieth the vile.

"Though I were happy, throned beside the king,
I should be tender to each little thing.
With hurt-warm breast that had no speech to tell
Its inward pangs; and I would sooth it well with tender touch,
And with a low, soft moan for company."

We are a race of servants, not in the low sense of this word, but in the highest and purest sense, and, in our serving, let us keep these beautiful lines of the servant of all women as our guide.

In the struggle for money, for power, for intellectual attainment, for growth of any sort, there is always, and must always be, a starting-point. Thus it is with the struggle to uplift the negro woman there is a starting-point, and this I believe to be the home. The two words, home and woman, are so closely connected that I could not, even if I desired, separate one from the other.

Someone has said, "No race can rise above its women." This is just as true as the fact that no river can rise above its source; are we not the source of the home life, and if our influence upon this life is not good, how can the home be better? History will bear us out in all we say in reference to woman and home. Our own Emerson says, "A sufficient measure of civilization is the influence of good women." Plato, the Athenian philosopher, when he stood at the height of his intellectual attainments, gave to the ancient and modern world his great "Republic," which he had thought it

worth the while to write to show to the world his regard for woman in the home. He held that women are a very important factor in the human race, and that, holding out to her the help she so much needed, she will raise the standard of the home, and thus from the home will come stronger men to execute the nation's plan.

In every race there are many societies, and these societies are higher or lower as the case may be. But, for convenience, I shall divide the negro race of women into two classes, viz., that class which has had opportunity to improve and develop themselves mentally, physically, morally, spiritually, and financially, and that class who, because of the lack of these advantages, because of their unblamed-for ignorance, who, because of the cruelty of the master for more than two centuries—the master who, thirty years ago, turned his slave mothers away without giving them a single idea of the beauty of home life, a single idea of the responsibility of womanhood, wifehood, or citizenship—are our inferiors. This latter class is overwhelming in its numbers, mighty in its strength if only these numbers and this strength can be lifted up, can be inspired, taught and sustained. Is there no bond between these two classes of the same race? Yes, there is a tie which no attempt on our part can sever.

I sometimes fear that we are too slow in doing for others because we are, as we think, doing well. Individuals here and there among our men and women are climbing the ladder in almost all of the avenues of life, but this is not race progress; it is the lifting up as we climb which means growth to the race.

Thirty years ago the negro slaves were declared free. The most helpless members of the race at that time, as now, were its women. During all the black days of slavery they had come and gone only as commanded by the man and woman who called themselves master and mistress.

The negro woman had been given in marriage as the whim of the master's family saw fit; she had been sold from her husband as the master's financial interests demanded, with

no more pity than was exhibited at the selling of a hog. Was it possible that she should know or think very strongly of the cultivation of the sacredness of the marital relations which are at the very root of the home? Was there anything in these lessons to inspire morality, or even a respect for it? And yet these same people, with all their boasted chivalry for their own women, are ever ready to thrust the sword at this race of which these poor women, their own pupils, are members. In this time of the master and slave, it was not the mother who taught the responsibility of motherhood. The children came, and as soon as possible the mother went to the field or elsewhere to work, and the children were left practically alone. There was no time to bathe the babies, even once a day. There was no time to dress the children, to comb their hair, to see that they were getting clean, wholesome habits in order to become clean, wholesome men and women. It was not the slave mother who said how her children should be dressed, whether they should wear shoes or go bare-footed, and thus have inculcated within themselves respect for personal appearance and decency of dress. It was not the chattel-mother who said the baby was sick enough to need medical aid. These things and more in reference to the children were decided by the master and mistress. Was there anything in a lesson like this to teach responsibility of motherhood? Was there a single thing in a lesson like this to bring about the sanctity of family life? Was there anything in a life like this to establish confidence between mother and daughter, father and son, which is absolutely necessary in the home, in a truly happy family life?

In the awful days gone by, the word "home," the word "woman" was a mockery, so far as we are concerned; in fact, there was no home, there was no manhood. All were chattel, bought, used, and sold at the master's will.

The log cabin of one room, with perhaps no hole to let in sunlight and air, holding the household goods, cooking utensils, furnishing room for cooking, sleeping, eating, and

living, was a substitute for home. Could anything good and healthy come out of this? Was it at all probable that these mothers could hand down to their daughters and sons correct ideas of home-making, pure ideas of family life? Was it at all probable that there should have come from homes like these women strong to fight disease, strong to fight the tempter who stands in the South as a sentinel by day and by night? Was there anything in this sort of living to instil purity of thought, and purity of action?

The women of this class are to-day needing our aid, needing our sympathy. We will answer as Cain answered the Master, "Am I my brother's keeper?" Surely we are the keepers of these women, and will answer, "Here am I; use me."

Let us not suppose that although more than thirty years have gone by, there is a very great change in the condition of the masses of the women of whom I speak. Turned loose with no knowledge of these things, she has groped the way but slowly. In the country districts of the Southern states in which slaves were held, a condition of affairs exists to-day that would touch the heart of any woman. Look for a moment into a log cabin in Alabama. There is only one room, 12x10, with a little hole in the side for a window, which in winter time is kept tightly closed. In this hut live the father and mother, and in here their eight or ten children are born and reared and die. I draw the curtain. I could show you other pictures more pathetic in their hopelessness, but I refrain.

Lessons in making home neat and attractive; lessons in making family life stronger, sweeter, and purer by personal efforts of the woman; lessons in tidiness of appearance among women; lessons of clean and pure habits of everyday life in the home, and thus bringing to the women self-respect and getting for them the respect of others; how to keep the girls near the mother, and many other kindred subjects, need to be given to this class of women to-day.

In the village of Tuskegee, in the state of Alabama, a little more than a year ago, a few of us women undertook

this kind of work for this class of women. To us it was not a very inviting work, but we could not rid ourselves of the recognition of the bond which linked us to these women. We knew that as they were lifted up, so might we rise. We meet the women in a hall in the central part of the town on Saturday afternoon, when they usually flock to the town from the neighboring plantations and country districts and congregate on the street corners to gossip and eat peanuts. Our meetings are very informal, and hence, I believe, very helpful; for the women would not come if the meetings were not informal. During the past few months we have talked in a simple way on home-getting, home-making, cultivating confidence between the parent and the child, how to protect our girls, plain and simple dress for the children, kinds of food best for the home, and many like subjects tending to better them along all lines. We have emphasized the respect that comes to a woman because of her neatness of dress, and upon the disrespect that comes to her by reason of her love for gaudy and extravagant dress. We have tried to get our women to substitute the neat calico dress of to-day for the slave homespun of the past. We have tried to teach them the self-respect which comes from wearing shoes instead of going bare-footed as the master taught them; the lack of self-respect and the physical injury incident to wrapping the hair. These are only a few of the crude things which these women will do. They have been taught these lessons by people who have had hundreds of years of advantages and experience, and they would naturally be loth to give up these habits. But we do not feel discouraged.

In addition to the work we are trying to do for the women, we have also each week a meeting for young girls, to whom we give lessons in simple sewing, in house-cleaning, in street and church manners, and in every line which goes to make young womanhood purer and nobler. Much of the social purity literature is given out to these girls, and here and there a seed is being sown which will bring forth a better wifehood and motherhood.

We only want women who will, everywhere that is needed, take up this cause of the large class of negro women who have not had the same opportunity which you and I have had. Are we not all of one race? Are not the interests of this class our interests? There is a hearty response in the efforts of the women to rise and shake off the terrible habits which, for two hundred and fifty years, were being fastened upon them. It is not rapid work, but I believe that it is sure work. I believe that in this kind of work is the salvation of the negro women, and all will agree with me that just in proportion as the women rise will the race rise. Work for these masses and you work for the race.

But this lamentable condition of affairs is not confined to any particular section of our country; but is it not true that right here, under the shadow of the Cradle of Liberty, as it were, and where a "man's a man for a' that and a' that," there are to be found parallel cases? In picturing to you the condition of affairs at the South, and pleading for my Southern sisters, I do not wish to withdraw your interest in and for the needy ones nearer home, but my heart goes out with a great longing in the interest of the Southern negro woman who is what she is because of force of circumstances, and not because of a lack of desire to be otherwise.

Let us all rise, shine and push right along in the work of helping our women in the South, in the North, everywhere that it is needed—and it is needed everywhere; let us rise with our money, though it be little; let us rise with our voices even though they be weak, with our hands even though they be feeble, and do this all-important work. Then only will there be fewer thrusts at the immorality of the race; there will be less lynchings of negro men and women; then only will the white man who hates everything that is black, and the black man who despises everything white, recognize in the broadest and truest sense the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God, and more readily accept the doctrine that of one blood hath he made the nations of the earth.

THE TENEMENT HOUSE QUESTION.

BY MARGARET BRADSHAW.

The writer was recently consulted with reference to the precise application of a bequest for the benefit of working women, and the inquiry instituted for this end brought out some ideas which may be of interest to the people at large. A considerable acquaintance with the needs and wants of working women has revealed the fact of a crisis in the lives of many, if not the majority, culminating at about forty years of age, and from that to sixty, when it becomes impossible to compete with younger and stronger women on equal terms, and the future is looked forward to with an apprehension amounting sometimes to anguish. A woman who has been sufficient unto herself up to this age, regards with horror any appeal to charity, and the prospect of ending her days in an old woman's home is not replete with the most cheerful anticipations. Three hundred dollars a year is the smallest sum on which one can live in comfort in the city, and at four per cent. interest this would require a saving of nearly eight thousand dollars. It is scarcely possible that an ordinary working woman can amass this sum and support herself in the meantime.

If she could be assured of a home, a shelter, much of the burden of anxiety would be lifted, and it has been suggested that buildings, tenement houses, should be erected with a provision for the purchase of a life tenancy, for such persons as look forward to a homeless old age with apprehension.

In answer to a letter of inquiry to the provost of Glasgow with regard to the tenement houses of that city, valuable information relating to tenement house reform was received, although it was apparent that the officials had but little knowledge of the direct object of the inquiry.

In the package from Glasgow there is, first, a letter from

the secretary of the Glasgow Workmen's Dwellings Company, Limited, in which he disclaims knowledge of any tenement houses in that city owned by the tenants which are in any degree successfully managed, and expresses great doubt as to the feasibility of such ownership in view of the disputes which would be sure to arise when repairs or improvements were to be made.

Second, there is an extract from the eleventh annual report of the Glasgow Kyrle Society, Housing Branch, which explains as the object of this branch: "(1) To obtain control of house property inhabited by the poorer working people, to manage this property on the basis of paying interest upon the ascertained value, and to apply the surplus out of the rents in the improvement of the property, so far as may be deemed advisable, and in the formation of a reserve fund for the execution of any extensive repairs; (2) to apply the system of rent-collecting and care-taking by volunteers, so successively carried on in London by Miss Octavia Hill and others, and in Edinburgh by the Social Union." With this extract is a list of properties under its management, which contains the names of the estates owned by the Workmen's Dwellings Company above named.

Third, there are three reports of the directors of the Glasgow Workmen's Dwellings Company, Limited, together with a statement of methods of work.

Fourth, there is a paper containing some sufficiently energetic excerpts from a paper on Uninhabitable Houses, read by the Senior Medical Officer of Health for Glasgow before last year's Congress of the Sanitary Association of Scotland, from which I quote the following: "As to why the uninhabitable house is uninhabitable I need not, in view of what has already been said, say much more. Words give a very inadequate conception of the facts. We say 'damp' when the hearth-stone never dries, when the joists are buried in earth, and rotten, or the bits of old carpet or wax cloth spread on the planks to cover the holes are wet and mouldy, when the hand applied to the wall is soiled with wet size-

color. We say 'defective in light' when, in the brightest and longest summer day, the gas, or more usually a paraffine lamp, is kept burning, and when often, in the extremity of poverty, there is no artificial light but a glimmer from a handful of red ashes, and, going in off the light outside, one hears voices, but can see no one. We say 'out of repair' when the walls are as bare of plaster inside as outside, when the lathes of the ceiling are naked and broken in, when the skews are bare and the rhones gone and the sky is visible through the tiles or slates, and the rain-water runs down the walls; when the bricks in the partition are as free of mortar as the stones in a dry-stone dyke, and the people have stuffed paper into the crevices with their knives to stop the draughts." And then follows an arraignment of owners of house property which might give them a bad quarter of an hour should their eyes chance to alight upon it.

Last, but not least, there is a lecture by a house factor on "Uninhabitable and Insanitary Houses," delivered before the Unionist Club of Leith, which gives the conclusions of years of experience in the management of tenement-house property. At the beginning of the lecture reference is made to a great political speech delivered by the Honorable Joseph Chamberlain at Birmingham, England, in which it is implied that houses became unhealthy because every man was not his own landlord. So far is the lecturer from agreeing with this statement that he makes this, commonly held as a self-evident proposition, the very head and front of the offence. He confines his discussion to conditions in Edinburgh and Leith, where his experience has been gained in large part, and where he believes there are more houses, from those of the ordinary working man and artisan, up through the middle to the more wealthy classes, owned and occupied by their owners, than any other two towns in the kingdom. He claims that most house property in these towns is held by the lower or less wealthy classes, not for speculation, but as a sure and safe investment, and held by persons who have acquired the means they are possessed of by care and fru-

gality, and who have invested the whole or nearly all of their means in property as a competency for old age for themselves and wives, and with the expected reversion to their families or relatives after their death. In such investment little or no provision is made for the continual outlay required for repairs and keeping which is so necessary on house property. In many cases money has been borrowed to make the investment, and the strain on the resources to make both ends meet is very great. Every penny of the rents is needed for this purpose, and nothing can be spared to introduce greater conveniences or improved sanitary conditions. The consequence is the houses fall out of repair, the better class of tenants move to newer and more desirable quarters, and the descent to Avernus is easy for houses as well as for individuals.

In the case of solid blocks of buildings, each tenement owned by a separate individual, the status of the property depends upon all the tenements being kept up equally, and if one or more should fail in this and the block begin to be out of repair in any part, undesirable tenants are apt to be accepted for want of others and the better class leave in disgust, when the deterioration of the neighborhood is assured.

The lecturer finds no remedy for this process of deterioration save in the abolition of individual ownership, and the organization of large building companies who can offset their gains in one locality by their losses in another, and keep all property in perfect repair. He recommends that these companies be joint stock, or such like corporations, which might be coöperative. Such property would have a uniform management, paying half-yearly dividends, and would offer a safe investment for the working classes to place their frugal savings sure of fair returns.

There is but a step from this plan to that of municipal ownership which is being tried now, if I mistake not, in London. Certainly, as the ownership of tenement-house property passes into fewer and fewer hands, many of the difficulties which beset the path of the small owner disap-

pear. No one who has had any experience in the management of such property can have failed to appreciate the wariness required to keep out tenants who are dead beats, so to speak, that is, who have no intention of paying rent if it can be avoided. The law grants a large leeway to the tenant, and this law is pretty thoroughly known in quarters where little else is known. A large class of tenants thus prey upon the landlord class, and are shifted from one property holder to another by a system of false recommendations which is pitiful or exasperating, as one may be in the mood to regard it. What municipal authorities would do in such cases when the record of a tenant became fully known, might afford a problem for the reformers to solve larger than they have any idea of now. It would appear that it is the uneasy consciousness of the existence of this class of tenants which is one of the causes of the question of municipal control being so opposed in many quarters.

As for the work undertaken by the Glasgow Workmen's Dwellings Company, Limited,—the buying or leasing of insanitary dwellings, putting them in good repair, and letting with a slightly increased rental to respectable tenants,—a similar effort has been in progress in Boston for some time by various associations and organizations with a fair measure of success, and these efforts have stimulated private owners in many cases to work along the same lines. The chief hindrance to such work lies in the owners of insanitary and uninhabitable houses holding their property for a hoped-for rise in value, being unwilling to part with it except for such an exorbitant price that it could not be improved and rented on moderate terms and yield fair returns on the money invested. This is one of the strongest arguments in favor of the single tax theory, for the buildings on such premises are seldom of much value, and if it were not for the Arabian Nights glamor in which the land is held they would long since have disappeared, giving place to commodious, sanitary dwellings.

With regard to the work of the housing branch of the Glas-

gow Kyrle Society in the rent-collecting and inspection of tenement-house property, such work is undertaken in this city by women agents, and carried on with a fair degree of success. It is to be confessed that so far the work has been of more an exclusive than a reformatory nature, that is, uncleanly and undesirable tenants have been discriminated against rather than admitted and reformed. This exclusion, of course, works good in so far as it gives the orderly tenant a chance to live in dwellings where they will not be annoyed by undesirable neighbors, and tends to stimulate the other sort to effort or to relegate them to the insanitary places, making the punishment, as it were, fit the crime.

For the real task of ridding the city of filth, something more is needed than sanitary dwellings. There are tenants who would make a cesspool of the fairest place, give them their way. The struggle for sanitary conditions is constant in tenement houses of the best class. The careless act of one tenant is copied by others, and if allowed to go unreproved would run like wildfire through the whole with demoralizing effect. The life of agent or care-taker of tenement property is not a happy one in the sense of being easy. If such effort is demanded among the best classes, what can be expected from the more poorly regulated ones? If these could be confined to certain quarters it would perhaps be well. This is the tendency now, but they do not stay there by their own will. They like cleanly, orderly homes if no effort is required from them toward that end. They are often the sharpest to detect flaws in a tenement into which they are intending to move. Once in, however, their natural inertia gets the better of them, and no human power can keep them to the level of effort required to keep the place healthful. It is coming to be said, I notice, that electricity is of potent value in awakening animal as well as vegetable vigor, and it may be in this portion of the city's population what is needed is an electric battery. In that case let it be applied in all conscience sake. But so far as methods have been applied up to date, devoted workers are

needed who will go into these insanitary and disorderly houses as members of the Salvation Army go, dwell with them and teach them by example the beauty and desirability of cleanliness. Nothing short of this seems to be able to accomplish the work. Why not make this a sort of examination to those candidates for philanthropic and benevolent work? It would constitute a test to themselves as well as to others, and clear the field effectually of sentimentalists. The work of the ordinary inspector fails here, for she has not time for this hand to hand work. The only recourse she has in case such a tenant comes within her domain, is ejection.

THE PLYMOUTH IDEA.

[All our readers will be interested in reading the details of the plan of which they have heard, for the establishment of a new Plymouth on the western side of the Rocky Mountains. We therefore copy the following programme of the "Plymouth Idea." We only wish we could print with it some of the pictures of branches of prunes and of irrigated rose-bushes, which remind one of the spoils which Joshua and Caleb brought back from the Promised Land.]

It is proposed to make a colony that will illustrate the highest possibilities of home-making on irrigated land, and stand as a practical demonstration of the industrial and social life which may be developed by the environment of Arid America. The very name it will bear is a name sacred to liberty in the annals of Anglo-Saxon men. This Plymouth Colony, like the Plymouth of the past, will stand for the highest ideal of freedom and independence. The new community will bear the same relation to industrial independence as did the old to the development of religious independence.

This colony will not be the first that has been undertaken by public-spirited men for the benefit of the people, rather than as a matter of private enterprise. Horace Greeley and

the *New York Tribune* lent their influence to a similar undertaking twenty-five years ago, and the Greeley Colony of Colorado has done more than any other force to develop good methods, fine homes, and high civic institutions in the Centennial State. Again, the soundness of this principal has been most firmly established in its application by Brigham Young and his devoted followers in Utah. Not only did they make the poor man prosper upon the "little farm well tilled," but through the collection of the modest tithe upon the profits was amassed a church wealth which is the wonder of modern times.

The success of the various colonies of California is of common knowledge.

Plymouth will have the benefit of the experience of these colonies. It will unite the best features of all that have been thoroughly tried by the test of years, so that nothing is really new except the bringing of these several features of proved value into combination. The effort of the founders of Plymouth has been to find a sound economy upon which enduring prosperity for average people may be built.

Individual independence is the first object of the new Plymouth Colony upon its industrial side. This can be secured by the systematic production upon each farm of what the family consumes. Men who have pursued this policy have not suffered during the present depression, nor have they anything to fear if hard times should be prolonged. This principle of individual independence is the corner-stone of the industrial life of Utah, and statistics show that it has yielded a gross annual income of \$1,347.25 for each farmer's family, or \$482.25 above the cost of living. This is the experience of forty years on ten thousand irrigated farms.

A small farm unit is an essential feature of the industrial plan. The farm advised by the projectors of Plymouth is twenty acres, and not more than forty acres will be sold to any one individual. The small farm unit demands the faith-

ful application of the principle of intensive cultivation, and yields in return surprising results, both in the matter of the quality and the quantity of the crop.

A surplus product should be the first consideration after the provision of a living. This surplus should be wisely chosen to meet the needs of the immediate market. It is from this source that the colonist will make provision for an income above the living of his family, and this surplus income constitutes his hope of a competence for old age, as well as the means of educating his children and improving his home.

The plan contemplates the erection of small industrial plants to consume the surplus product of the farm. For instance, there will be a creamery to insure the speedy development of the dairy industry, and provide a profitable market for this portion of the colony's product. There will also be a cannery to at once provide the most profitable outlet for tomatoes, sweet corn, and other vegetables and small fruits, and later on for apricots, peaches, pears, and other orchard fruits. Thus the colonists at Plymouth will be assured of facilities which guarantee an early and continuous demand for their products. If the settlers set a high standard for themselves, and keep their products up to the best quality, there can be no doubt that the brand "Plymouth Farms" will be everywhere accepted as a guarantee of excellence, and that they will realize in consequence a handsome return for their labor.

It is undeniable that agricultural life has not been attractive on its social side. Isolation and the hunger for human companionship have driven unnumbered thousands from the farm to over-crowded cities. The Plymouth social system strikes its first blow at the bareness and loneliness of farm life under the old conditions, and opens up a vista of hopeful possibilities, which must ultimately prove far more attractive than city life to average people, by combining the advantages of town life with the opportunities of self-sustaining agriculture.

The farm village has been successfully used in some portions of Europe for centuries. It was also adopted to some extent in Western Massachusetts by the early settlers. Brigham Young realized its advantages and made it the foundation of his social system in planning the colonies of Utah. A farm village site will be laid out surrounding an extensive park, at the most eligible point in the Plymouth Colony tract, and the village will bear the name of "Home Acres." The name exactly expresses the idea. While each colonist will have his twenty acres of irrigated land in the surrounding district known as "Plymouth Farms," he will also own one acre for home purposes in the village. And here he will live with his neighbors, his house fronting a broad street lined with trees, and his family enjoying the advantage of being close to the school, church, post-office, store and all other town institutions.

The family farm will vary in distance from a few rods to two miles, according to choice of location. "Home Acres" should be just as attractive as the best suburban districts which surround great eastern cities. All external beauties of lawns, flowers, trees and shrubs will be within the reach of each settler, since this is merely a matter of land and water, sunshine and labor, supplemented by good taste and a love of the beautiful. It is hoped and believed that Plymouth colonists as a rule will take pride in making "Home Acres" a farm village which people will travel a long distance to study.

Plymouth Colony will be provided at the very beginning of its existence with an attractive village hall, which will house a public library, and be the centre of social entertainments.

Under the old farm system, residents in the country have generally sacrificed the finer and better things of life to the exactions of daily drudgery. The Plymouth social system revolutionizes all this and undertakes to prove that the conditions of the irrigated region will enable the man who tills the soil to enjoy his neighbor, cultivate his mind, and in-

dulge in the luxuries of companionship quite as much as the residents of towns.

The business plan under which Plymouth Colony will be organized, differs in some important respects from that on which land is usually offered to the public. The main difference is the fact that the enterprise is not undertaken for private profit, but as an example of colony-making in the irrigated region.

It is proposed to sell the land at the price and upon the terms for which it is contracted, preferably in twenty acre tracts, but in no case will any one person be allowed to purchase more than forty acres.

As the colonists will receive their land at first cost price, it will be evident that there can be no provision made for the improvements referred to. It is therefore proposed that the colonists themselves shall organize a company, to be known as the Plymouth Company, to which each purchaser of land must subscribe for one share of stock for each acre of land purchased. No stockholder, however, shall be permitted to acquire more than forty shares, at the par value of twenty dollars per share, twenty-five per cent. of which shall be payable upon subscription, and the remainder upon call of the Board of Directors, provided that not more than ten dollars per share shall be called in any one year.

Of all forms of government it is universally conceded that the New England town meeting is the simplest and purest. It is designed to put Plymouth colonists in possession of the benefits of this system under the forms of their corporate association. Not as citizens but as stockholders they will frequently meet in Village Hall to discuss the conduct of the colony's affairs.

The by-laws of the company will restrict the power of the board of directors to purely executive functions, leaving the stockholders the widest latitude in the discussion of the company's business and in directing its officers.

As the stockholders will live close together and be at home

most of the time, frequent meetings will be possible, as well as desirable.

Mr. William E. Smythe, Chairman of the National Irrigation Committee, has enlisted the hearty coöperation of practical irrigators, agriculturists, and horticulturists, as well as gentlemen identified with the experimental farms of the arid region, who will form an advisory board. These men have been identified with some of the most famous and successful colonies of the past, and while they will have no vote in the management, it is desirable to receive their advice and counsel based on a fund of knowledge acquired through varied experience in the several parts of the irrigated region which they represent.

As the company will consist exclusively of the settlers themselves, they will have the disposition of their own capital. First, they must pay for the expense of organizing the colony, including the time and labor involved in getting the settlers. The projectors have raised means on their own responsibility for this work, but as they are seeking to make no profit on the transaction, they will of course expect the company to reimburse them for the outlay. Next, there will be the expense of laying out the village site, with its streets and of making roads through Plymouth Farms. Trees must also be planted along the highways. Then Village Hall must be erected, and by the time the farming industry is well under way and the first harvest approaching, the canning factory should be erected.

The terms are one-fourth cash, and the balance payable in two, three, and four years from the date of purchase, divided into equal payments. All deferred payments to bear interest at the rate of eight per cent. per annum, but the purchaser may pay a greater proportion, or all, in cash, should he desire to do so.

Twenty dollars per acre is less than raw land of this character, with a water right, can be purchased for in small tracts in any part of the arid region, but in this instance a low price was obtained in view of the importance of such

a colony as Plymouth to the growth and prosperity of the country.

Persons making application for a home in Plymouth will be requested to place the amount of the first payment with the Payette Valley Bank, at Payette, or a bank of their own selection, in their own town, to be held until the selection of a tract is made and deed furnished, when the purchaser shall execute and deliver notes for the deferred payments secured by a mortgage on the land bought.

It is desired that every purchaser of a tract in Plymouth Farms shall represent an actual resident, so that the scheme of improvements may be promptly inaugurated and carried to completion by rapid and steady steps. But applications have already been received from a number of people who desire to associate themselves ultimately with Plymouth Colony, and are willing to make the necessary investment at once, but are not able to arrange their affairs so that they can personally enter upon the work from the beginning. Farms will be sold to such parties, but only upon the condition that the land shall be improved at once. This may be done by employing other colonists to do the work, or engaging another representative.

There is to be nothing communistic about this New Plymouth. There is to be very little of coöperation even, in the technical sense. The only property which is to be owned in common is the town hall, which is to be modeled after the Idaho Building at the World's Fair, and which is to contain a public library, and perhaps also the electric lighting plant. Other industries besides electric lighting are to be started by the Plymouth Company, but it is the intention to sell or at least lease them to private individuals. The village electric plant will supply the clustered farm-houses with light and power at a cost of about \$10 a year.

The two great disadvantages of farm life which keep so many potentially good farmers in the overcrowded cities are loneliness and the uncertainty of crops. But with the aid of irrigation, it is possible to do away with these disadvantages.

By making the farmer independent of the rainfall, irrigation insures him a return for his labor, and by encouraging intensive agriculture it makes it possible to reduce the size of the farms to such an extent that the isolation of ordinary farm life is no longer necessary. By the plan of farm colonies, each farmer may have a farm large enough to support his family and yet not be deprived of the advantages of town life. This is a prospect which induces unemployed and overemployed men in the great cities to think of making their homes in the new west.

ELECTION OF TRUSTEES.

The formation of Plymouth Colony is well on the road to completion. The organization of Plymouth societies in Chicago and New York was followed by the appointment of the committee, whose report is published herewith. The unanimous recommendation of the committee resulted in the election of the following Board of Trustees:

B. P. SHAWHAN, Chairman, Payette, Idaho.
C. S. LOVELAND, Treasurer, " "
C. B. COXE, Secretary, Chicago.
O. N. GOLDSMITH, Cor.-Secretary, Chicago.
DR. J. B. BURNS, Chicago.
J. C. FORTINER, "
J. W. LILL, "
A. C. RINGER, "
J. M. SHAW, Rock Valley, Iowa.

JUSTICE AND CHARITY.

! [Those who remember Starr King in the pulpit, and those who do not remember him, will be interested in reading the following intense statement of the place of justice in human society. It is from a manuscript of his written now more than forty years ago. In the portfolio which holds it, I find this poem of Charles Mackay's, which is a good text for Mr. King's statement:

Oppression's heart might be imbued
 With kindling drops of loving kindness,
 And knowledge pour
 From shore to shore,
 Light on the eyes of mental blindness.

All slavery, warfare, lies, and wrongs,
 All vice and crime might die together ;
 And wine and corn,
 To each man born,
 Be free as warmth in summer weather.

The meanest wretch that ever trod,
 The deepest sunk in guilt and sorrow,
 Might stand erect,
 In self-respect,
 And share the teeming world to-morrow.

What might be done? *This* might be done,
 And *more* than this, my suffering brother ;
 More than the tongue
 Ever said or sung,
 If men were wise and loved each other.

CHARLES MACKAY.]

Equity, then, is the basis of things. Order first, true relations, first, then blessings. Justice and charity are co-sovereigns of this world, the emperor and the empress of the universe, equal and harmonious in their wedded supremacy. Together they sign every bond that bestows any good upon us here. All the charities of the skies either flow after the order which we have established between ourselves and heaven, or are forerunners to lead and urge men to begin those true relations which God desires.

One of the clear, fruitful, and precious correspondences which that great thinker, Swedenborg, disclosed between the natural and spiritual world is that which makes the light of the sun the symbol of God's wisdom, and its heat of his love ; so that blended, yet distinct, they visit every soul and strive to illumine its darkness and vivify its heart. To continue and complete the conception, we may say that his justice is the gravitative energy that lies in the solid substance and mighty bulk of the solar ball, around which its

vesture of heat and light is robed and which, by its steady unrelenting, solicitous force, holds a universe in order and sustains it in motion, that it may receive, in due and wholesome measure, the dispensations of his truth and mercy.

To descend in the sphere of our subject from the religious to the social relations of men, it is plain that *justice* is the primary and deepest need of the world. As the planets cannot thrive under and enjoy the radiance and warmth of the sun, and will pull each other into wild confusion if not first placed fitly and harmoniously distanced, so the human world needs chiefly now, not more charity, but primarily, as the condition of any wise and productive operation of charity, more justice in the disposal of its classes and the diffusion of rights. The ages of charity have not yet come; they will come yet, perhaps; poets, with vision clearer, it may be, than ours, persist in singing of "the good time coming," but the business of history thus far has been, and is, to get introductory justice acknowledged.

The slow wrestle, very slow but patient, of the law of right with anarchical elements, which it upheaves and upheaves that they may fall into more natural relations and produce a solid order,—this is the meaning and the tendency of the wastes of backward time. The grand epochs of society have been when a clearer truth of the civil order has been proclaimed, when power had relaxed its grasp, and a consciousness of their place and call has grown intense in the popular mind, and justice puts its foot distinctly and ineffaceably in the statutes of a people, and a great organic principle is enshrined in a charter and confessed by the reluctant countersign of kings. The patron power which the world yet invokes is justice.

For deliverance from the greater portion of social evils, the prayer of humanity is not to the moist-eyed angel of Pity but to her stern-browed brother. Down it comes from the remotest past, from the hour when the meek Abel was stricken before the altar by the ruthless hand of Cain, swelling and resounding as the centuries roll away—the cry of

the human race—"where is the sacred equity fled, why is it silent, that we suffer thus?" From millions oppressed by despots, from battle-fields where men die in torture to help the ambition of tyrants and tighten their children's chains, from homes desolate and brutal, from prison depths, and wide wastes of ignorance, and slave fields, and the crowded shops of half-paid toil, from nations galled like Italy by the rusty chains of bondage, drained like Ireland by the slow selfishness of tyranny, blasted and bloody like Hungary from the fires and butcheries of treacherous government and foreign bayonets, the cry, uttered in various accents, has waked the dreary space with its wild emphasis, and fallen cold upon the powers of the world. Not "give us something in charity to alleviate our condition," not "give us, for the sweet sake of pity, something that is *yours* that our lot may be endurable;" no, but the wretched, despairing supplication, "give us, O ye masters, what is *ours*, what it never belonged to you to take; yield to us what you have robbed us of, what belongs to us as our birthright upon this planet, that rolls under God's eye, and was launched to bear us all in a common home, not as a foul slave ship, on to Eternity. Give us simple justice, our rights, our wages, our liberty, the possibility to live and develop our heaven-born faculties; we ask no more."

This is what makes history a tragedy, life a tough and bitter problem, the grave a black mystery, that *iniquity, un-equity* holds up its crowned head and faces humanity with sullen features and mail-gloved hands. It is because the simple demand of men for what is just,—their plain, undeniable due,—demand not always put in fierce tones and haughty attitude, but with sighs and tears and the vesture of a misery that it should seem must melt the heart of a fiend, has yet been answered with indifference, and so often with fresh insult and barbarity; it is this that makes the silent sky that does not blast oppression in its bloody jubilee, seem a dome of steel, the throne of a marble-breasted necessity, or an idiot chance. We could live, with a sense of

the worth and privilege of life, in a universe that bore no traces of a presiding and yearning Love, but where justice has narrow scope and seems unblessed and unprotected by the invisible powers;—in a world where we could see no glimpse of its arm, and catch no vision of its distant marshalling hosts to vindicate the trodden right, the joy of existence would dry within a true man; he would say, “let me sleep and be no more.”

The Divine Being, we may believe, did not intend that the lot of his children here should be unvisited and undisturbed by hardships and mysteries. It is certainly my faith that he has distinctly appointed many of these for us to struggle with. But justice between man and man, this His Holy Equity calls for, the reverse of this he has never appointed or approved. The reverse of this he hates and will hate forever. It is blasphemy to believe that God has any secret understanding with it, and does not hate it from the very depths of his Infinite Holiness. Every dream of a golden age based on the rules of justice, such as the dominion of justice would ensure, is not only a bright hope, a poetic vision, but a promise endorsed by the Almighty and buttressed by his laws. Is it too much to hope that justice, bald, severe justice, may yet triumph here? Is it enthusiasm to believe it and exult in the expression of that faith? And if that were done, *justice* and no more, there would be no suffering. This globe, swinging in immensity, with its splendors, its grandeurs, its mysteries, its zones, its climes, its mountains and valleys, its forests and seas, its springtime brightness, its summer fulness, and autumn pomp, its lights and glooms, and all the processions and alterations of its magnificence, was made for the shelter and nursery of our human nature. And such it might be, unmarred by any mystery of man's appointment, if simple justice were done on it by man. There might then be palaces and no hovels in their proud shadow, churches and no Christian barbarism at their doors. Solemn domes of state and law and no legal robberies beneath their sway, labor and no crushed frames

and sighing breasts and midnight toil of women to keep off the hell-dogs of hunger and crime, soft climes and no slavery, commerce and no fraud, nations and no war, wealth and no destitution. Without any appeal to *charity*, by the grace of nothing but God's honored element of rugged right, this earth might be blessed with plenty and peace, and every hardship banished from it but the spiritual hardship of building a religious character, which is part of its glory, and every mystery dispelled from it but the mystery of the Infinite in which we float, and the sufferings of bereavement which cause the clouded grave to gleam with tints of hope from the heart's projected love. Here is the greatness of the cause of the people; it is devotion to justice, God's justice impaired by man; it is labor to make this sorrow-smitten globe respond in its facts to the Divine idea that broods over it, longs to be reflected in its life.

THE MURDER AT PACHANGA.*

BY MAY WHITNEY EMERSON.

When Helen Jackson's immortal romance of "Ramona" was given to the world, she little dreamed that the tragedy of the Indian eviction at Temécula, Southern California, which was the nucleus and cause of her book, would so soon receive another chapter even more tragic than the first. Such is, however, the fact, and the murder at Pachanga of the resident field-matron and school-teacher, Mary J. Platt, a white woman, by (it is alleged) one or more members of that evicted "Temécula band," again focuses public attention upon this abused and outraged, even if outraging, remnant of a once prosperous tribe.

"Remember, you have promised to write, when you reach

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Washington, the story of my Pachanga Indians, and help to get at least one of their wrongs righted," said the victim of this murder to me at the moment of our parting, only three weeks before the shocking event. The speaker and myself, in common with about six hundred other humans of various nationalities, had flocked to Temécula to attend the annual *fiesta* of San Luis Rey, which, from the twenty-third to the twenty-sixth of August, 1894, was observed with unusual festivities. Seven tribes were billed to appear in the ancient games, dances, and races of their ancestors, while "Ramona, wife of Alessandro, the heroine of modern romance," was on the posters as chief attraction.

Ancient, beautiful, tragic Temécula may be reached by way of the Santa Fé route from San Bernardino, through Colton and Perris, to the present end of the branch at Temécula, or from Los Angeles by the Southern California railway to Oceanside, where one takes stages "along the river road" through the lovely San Luis valley, past the crumbling ruins of the old Spanish mission, under century-old olive trees, cotton woods, Palestine palms, and cacti hedges planted by dead and forgotten Franciscans, in sight of, or if one dares, over and through the wild Vallecita Pass, or, on horseback or *burro*, through the savage glooms of Temécula Cañon, and thence by the old San Diego road into the "Valley of Joy," which the Indian word Temécula signifies. It is a fertile and beautiful plain, a thousand feet above sea-level, containing a hundred square miles, well watered by the Santa Margarita river, enclosed on all sides by those blue, velvety, wrinkled slopes, peculiar to South Californian mountains. To the east rises grandly the snow-peaks of San Jacinto, and closing the southern end of the valley are the peaks of the Palomar, or Pigeon's Nest range, on a lower "bench" of which cluster the few squalid *tule* and *adobe* huts of an Indian *rancheria* called Pachanga. Three miles to the north, down the narrow valley is "Little Temécula," site of the ancient *rancheria* from which in 1874 eight hundred Indians were evicted, and of which nothing remains to-

day except the dismantled grave-yard, its *adobe* walls melted into heaps of rubbish, the crosses gone from its graves, the graves sunk to the general level of the plain, with cattle browsing unhindered over all.

For ages before the Franciscan *régime*, and for almost a century after the good *padres* had "reduced" the country to Spanish rule, before the greedy American settler had followed the grasping Mexican land-grabber into the Valley of Joy, Temécula had stood in its beauty, a peaceful refuge and a fruitful delight to its dusky denizens. In 1874 the valley was alive with herds, the mountains terraced from end to end with flocks of sheep and goats; billows of grain over-flowed the fields; orchards and vineyards everywhere yielded largess, and the San Luis Rey Mission, with Pala for a dependency, fattened with the harvests. The Indians, nearly all of them Christianized and subject to the *padres* of San Luis, had learned to hew and build, to mould *adobes*, and turn tiles, to plant and irrigate, to carve wood and stone, to hammer iron and brass and work in gold and silver, to weave cloth, to sing and make musical instruments, to illuminate missals and serve in churches, and, best of all and most difficult, to worship the white man's God with the Spanish tongue! Less than a hundred years had sufficed for all this, and when secularization had blighted most of the other mission territories, Temécula was still prosperous and happy, and presumably safe, for Pablo Apis, chief of the Temécula band, had secured a Mexican grant for a league and a half of land where the *rancheria* stood, which no power could wrest from his grasp. So at least he believed.

Yet lo! one fearful day came a sheriff from San Diego with twenty armed men, and they turned the whole *rancheria* full of humans,—men, women, and children, old and young, healthy and decrepit alike, out of their homes, and drove them off as if they had been foxes, to hunt whatever holes they could find among the foot-hills. Some of these Indians went mad and died on the spot; some wearily wandered away, heart-broken, and perished of grief and starvation.

Two hundred of them went to an unused cañon of the Palomar mountains, carrying with them whatever they were allowed of their own property by the eight or ten new "owners" of their land, and there they formed the little *rancheria* of Pachanga. The remainder "dispersed" to Cahuilla, Saboba, San Bernardino, Banning, and other mountain villages,—anywhere, out of the reach of "greedy gringos." They were reduced to extreme poverty, for even their horses and cattle had been taken to pay the costs of the "suit" in San Francisco, which had transferred all their property, without their knowledge, to these white men, of whom they had never even heard before. Incredible as this relation sounds, it is absolutely true, and is even somewhat under-stated, as history shows.

One August day, twenty years after these events, I was "lifted down" at the gate of Little Temécula ranch by its present owner, Mr. William Wolf, eldest son of the woman whose name was chosen for the title of Mrs. Jackson's pathetic book. There were no billowy green fields, no fruitful orchards and vineyards, no busy manufactories or flourishing town full of Gringos in sight. The greenest spot in all the valley was Mr. Wolf's ranch of forty-six hundred acres, which the present owner's father,—Mrs. Jackson's "Jim Hartsel,"—had acquired, acre by acre, over the counter of his store, or by other modes of purchase from the Temécula Indians in the old days. Mr. Wolf, the father,—now asleep on one of his own loved hillsides,—had always liked and trusted the Indians, and had been trusted and loved by them.

"I've never lost a dollar off them yet," the father had said to Mrs. Jackson; "they do all their trading with me. There's some of them I trust as high as a hundred dollars. If they can't pay this year they'll pay next, and if they die, their relations will pay their debts for them, a little at a time, till they've got it all paid off. They'll pay in wheat,

or bring a steer maybe, or baskets and mats which the women make, but they'll pay. They're honester than the general run of Mexicans about paying; I mean Mexicans who are as poor as they are." Louis Wolf and his wife, Ramona, had been staunch friends to the Teméculans, and when the eviction took place, had modified their miseries and had never pressed for payments.

"I was born and have lived among them all my life," said the son, "and I consider them honorable, faithful to their promises, constant to each other, affectionate and kind to an unusual degree. If they were wronged by the taking of their land, *it was done according to the United States law*, and they had to abide by it. My father, however, got no land from Indians except what he paid them for, acre by acre."

It was from Romana Wolf's son that I first heard of Mary J. Platt, the teacher at Pachanga, to whom I was advised to go for exact facts concerning the present condition and character of the remaining Teméculans. I found this lady at Temécula Station, two miles farther down the valley, surrounded by her Indians, who lavished upon her every mark of respect and affection, and who spoke of them with solicitous tenderness.

Not long, however, did I remain in ignorance of a black cloud which brooded over the scene. Mrs. Platt was enthusiastic concerning the capacity of her Indians for education, their unselfishness and fidelity, and their faithfulness to pledges.

"Yet," she said, "they are just big children, and, like children, are much too easily influenced. Matéo Pa, the captain of our band, and I have to watch them constantly, especially at the *fiestas*, for this is the harvest-time for all the gamblers and liquor sellers, who come here to demoralize our people and get possession of their poor, little earnings. There are a lot of low white men, Mexicans, and half-breeds, who are our continual terror. The Indians have more to fear from them than they have from the early settlers, for

these steal the consciences and honor as well as the money of our people. When I came here five years ago, gambling, drinking, and fighting were the chief amusements of these Indians, in which they were led by a set of the worst white scoundrels that ever trod shoe-leather. They will all be here at this *fiesta*; there go three of them now, arm in arm, and they hate me with deadly malice, for I have from the first stood between them and my Indians. I have induced nearly all my Pachanga men to take the pledge, and in almost all cases they have kept it. The worst fight we have is over the young Indian girls. I have incurred the hatred of these men by standing, bodily, between them and the girls once or twice with a loaded revolver in my hand. What I do about my girls, Matéo does concerning the men; he watches them continually, keeps liquor away, keeps them from gambling and other vices, and by his persistence and courage has baffled the white men again and again, for which reason they also hate him. He has repeatedly asserted himself against these white scoundrels, and has even broken in upon their orgies when on our reservation, thrown away their liquor, and forced the Indians back to their homes. As captain of the band he has great power over them, and as he is brave and good and unusually intelligent, I rely on him in every emergency to help me through."

Mrs. Platt told me that Matéo had at one time thought her life in danger from these desperadoes, and had slept on her door-step while a *fiesta* was in progress, for a week, without her knowledge, to protect her in case of attack. Major Rust, while Indian agent, had, she said, given her a pistol which he advised her to keep always loaded and at hand, in order to protect herself and her charges. "If any of these scoundrels come around to bother you and the girls, shoot them!" he had said to her, according to her statement. Whoever these desperate rascals were, she claimed that they had threatened her life and Matéo's also. "I live in daily terror of them," she said; "that is one reason why I am

glad to have my little niece Hattie with me ; I will not feel so horribly alone then."

"Have you no fear of the Indians themselves?" I asked.

She laughed heartily at this. "Come into the booths and see for yourself if I have cause," she answered. Everywhere she was greeted with smiles ; everywhere she busied herself with the comfort and welfare of her "big children." She petted the young girls, admonished the half-grown bucks, advised with the men and their several captains and the native police, who were in full force to keep order on the *fiesta* grounds ; watched for any omissions of rations, which were furnished to the Indians by the white organizers of the *fiesta* ; attended the races and the native dances, mingled with all classes, and seemed by all to be properly respected and protected. I confess that I inwardly smiled at the presentiments of danger she had expressed so vehemently, and thought it was but a mania, such as sometimes afflicts good women who have no lesser faults.

I soon discovered that she expressed most sharply opinions that were better, for the sake of peaceful results, left unsaid ; that she held extreme views about the *fiestas* themselves, and was especially harsh in her denunciations of the native dances, which were all exponents of the aboriginal religion. Her method was one of force, of extirpation ; she would use the whirl-wind and the flood when peaceful sunshine and dew and smiling dropping of a seed in gently-prepared soil would have brought a ready and plentiful harvest. The three young men whom she had designated as "unmitigated scoundrels, without a single good trait of character, or a good deed to show in their whole lives," seemed to me to be fairly well-behaved young gentlemen, full of frolic indeed, but by no means cut-throats. Mrs. Platt's Christianity was rabid ; it did not aim to overcome hate by love ; she scorned such gentle methods. Right in her point of view as to ultimate results, she was sometimes violent in her way of arriving, and must have made for herself virulent enemies. Yet her life was wholly devoted to

the best work which man may do for man, and for this she was as surely martyred as was ever saint in darkest ages.

Mrs. Platt contended that the gathering together of these Indians annually to reproduce their native dances kept alive their savage instincts; that the dances were indecent, the male Indians wearing little beside war paint and a few feathers during the observance; that the opportunity thus made for gamblers and liquor-sellers to fleece the child-like natives resulted always in evil to the latter, and that the worst possible results were inflicted upon the girls and women of the tribes, who were imposed upon most grossly by white men. Her anxiety was of a different character from that of Dr. Johnson of Cahuilla, who implored the white population to keep their sons away from these *fiestas* lest they become contaminated. Mrs. Platt contended, as did the good Spanish *padres* of old, that the contamination was from white man to Indian, and that the latter was the one to be shielded. Certain it is that at Temécula, where I remained during the entire festival, I saw no drunken Indians, heard not a single quarrel between Indians, and saw no signs of immoral conduct among them. They were gentle, helpful toward each other, patient in bearing the hunger and lack of comfort which, by some mistake, was forced upon them for one day, and when they were convinced that the money which had been promised them for their dancing, etc., was not forthcoming, they vanished silently; sunrise saw their *ramadas* empty. Yet there certainly had been drinking, quarrelling, gambling, swearing, and the vilest of conversations going on during the twenty-four hours of each day, for a *fiesta* is "on" from sunrise to sunrise. Dr. Anna Johnson, field-matron for Cahuilla, says of this especial *fiesta* (at which she was not present):

"The nights were horrors of debauch and vice. * * * There was always fighting. * * * There was no vice so degrading, no evil so black that it was not allowed to offer its hand to your sons."

If true, I do not hesitate to aver that it was not vice of

Indian making or Indian participation. The red men were quiet, orderly, courteous, and decent; they came with their entire families, from oldest to youngest, danced their dances, ate submissively what was provided for them, indulged mildly in a few games of "Odd and Even," "Peon," or "Chercherki," and if they had need of excitement, found it in the Eagle Dance, the Invocation, and the Fire Dance, into which they flung themselves with a fervor well-nigh sublime. For four days and nights we haunted the *tules*, watched the dances, held long conversations with century-old Indians, whose eyes had beheld and whose hands had helped in the building of the Spanish Missions, and at no time, from any Indian lip did we hear an unkind or complaining word or anything approaching profanity or discourtesy.

On the last day of the *fiesta*, all the young girls or boys were, by their parents, obediently given to Mrs. Platt to be forwarded by her to the training school at Perris, receiving her assurance that these youths would be properly protected and cared for. One of the chiefs, or captains, had protested against sending the young girls of his band to the school at Perris, for the excellent reason that the year previous some of them had been dishonestly "approached" by a certain white official (fortunately no longer connected with the school), and one of them was now not eligible for school by reason of this educated, cultured, fascinating, fund-stealing, married white man. There was an animated interview between Mrs. Platt and this captain, at which I was present, Matéo Pa acting as interpreter, Mrs. Platt speaking no Spanish and the captain no English. Through Matéo he said to Mrs. Platt:

"We will let our children go because you ask it: we believe what you say; we trust our girls to go where you wish, *but we hold you responsible.*"

These youths, averaging from fourteen to seventeen years of age, were sent by train to Perris, and their parting with Mrs. Platt (whom they never saw again) was a most affecting one, the boys collecting on the rear platform and calling

out farewells and waving handkerchiefs as far as they could be seen.

Less than three weeks afterward one of the number was for misconduct sent back to Pachanga, and to excuse or counterbalance his own shortcomings, he asserted that the boys and girls were not properly cared for and not sufficiently fed. Matéo Pa, "right-hand man" in every emergency,—the man who, when rations were low, fed the other six tribes at the *fiesta* and himself went portionless, with his family and tribe,—the man who had slept on the teacher's doorstep to protect her from possible evil,—who kept a runner stationed always at the entrance to the cañon to warn him of the approach of any possible danger,—Matéo went to Mrs. Platt, his friend, and asked her for money enough to take him to Perris that he might personally investigate the charges,—his own pretty motherless daughter, Benita, being in the training school with the rest. Mrs. Platt refused the money (a matter of two dollars only), and assured him that the rumors were unfounded. But the father's heart rebelled; he *must* know, and he implored her to give him the money, that he might at once set at rest the ugly rumors. This was Thursday, September twentieth, 1894.

"I will not give you the money," said Mrs. Platt; "I will go with you to Perris on Saturday, and you can drive with your own horse, but the money I will not give."

There was present, at this last interview, only a child eight years old, Mrs. Platt's little niece. She testifies that Matéo became very angry and demanded that he be allowed to go at once; "and if I find the report true I will break up the school," he said in his indignation.

The money was not given, and it does not appear that Matéo went to Perris. At nine o'clock in the evening Hattie went to bed, leaving her aunt reading in the kitchen. Sometime, she does not know how long after, she was wakened by her foot burning. Springing up, she found her bed ablaze, and smelling strongly of kerosene. She ran in great fright to the kitchen door, having to creep under a

table which had been placed in front of it. She saw no auntie, although she screamed for her in terror. She flew to the school-room door; it was locked. In the middle of the kitchen floor was a huge pile of wood fiercely burning, and this room also smelled strongly of kerosene. Although wildly frightened, the little creature remained sufficiently self-possessed to run back into her bed-room, snatch her doll, her dress, and some Indian baskets which she knew her auntie prized, and then flew from the burning house to the nearest Indian hut, believing that her auntie had fled there before her.

It is asserted that the Indians made no effort to save the burning building. Indeed, how could they? *For in Pachanga there is no water; one small well, very often dry in summer, furnishes all the water to be had in Pachanga for the use of two hundred souls!* Two miles up the cañon there is running water from a spring, and to this the Indian women must go to do all their washing and bathing, and from it in time of drought must all water be brought by hand or horse power. It had been Mrs. Platt's pet project to induce the government or some benevolent individual to construct a *zanja* or waterway from the cañon spring to the village of Pachanga. For this she had incessantly worked during her stay of five years on the reservation, and should success crown her efforts, "my Indians," she said, "who are now the poorest of all the tribes, will be able to irrigate and cultivate their land, and will become as well off and comfortable as the best."

Without water nothing could be done to save the burning building; but where was the teacher? At none of the Indian huts was she to be found. The frightened Indians, knowing that they might and would be suspected if harm had come to her, fled to Temécula in the night, and in the morning the citizens, learning of the disaster, went to the reservation, to find among the ashes of the totally-destroyed house, and under what had been the kitchen, the charred bones of the good and devoted teacher. The pile of burn-

ing wood seen by Hattie on the kitchen floor had contained the murdered body of her aunt. As evidence that she had been attacked while still dressed, corset steels were found on the remains. A sharp, ugly-shaped stone lay beside her, and hard-wood ashes were under the stone. With this brutal instrument she was, it is believed, done to death.

At San Jacinto lives Don Francisco Estudillo, Indian agent. To him telegrams were sent concerning the disaster. They reached him at the same moment with a letter from Mrs. Platt, written the day of her death, in which she expressed fears for her safety and asks him, should he not hear from her again soon, to come at once to Pachanga.

Matéo Pa, because of their disagreement on Thursday, was at once arrested for the murder. At a later date, Francisco the complaining school-boy, was arrested, and still later one Antonio Ashman, a Puma Indian of desperately wicked appearance, was lodged in jail, also charged with the murder. As yet, no one seems to have considered that these Indians had everything to lose and nothing to gain by the death of their best friend and protector, and that, whoever the "white scoundrels" are whom she so feared and detested, they, if anyone, alone are benefitted by the removal of so obstinate a hindrance to orgies as Mrs. Platt and Matéo Pa formed in conjunction, leaving by their absence an unprotected reservation, the buxom lassies of the *tules*, and Matéo's pretty, motherless daughter, now worse than fatherless!

Deep have been their wrongs, and sharp the anguish of these South Californian Indians; bitter must be their indignation and resentment, since they are human, patiently as they have borne their woes; but is it credible that they would band together, with Matéo to lead them, and murder their defender and helper, to whose untiring efforts they expected to owe their *zanza*? I have seen Matéo Pa's honest eyes burn and his honest face flush under provocation, while his stern lips kept closed the gate of speech, and his hand continued to do good deeds to his enemies. The Indians of

the seven bands looked up to him and called him "the one only man among us." It is impossible to imagine such a man raising his hand to slay his friend, a defenceless woman.

Several months after the murder, a Saboba Indian wrote to me: "*I hear that Capitan Matéo, who has had no trial yet, has gone crazy in the prison at Los Angeles. Can there be no help got for an Indian when he is innocent? Must he rot in prison, or go mad, with no chance to prove if he is good or bad? We do not believe that Matéo killed the teacher; we do not believe that any Indian killed her.*"

At last, however, the hour of his trial arrived, and Matéo Pa,—whose simple majesty of mien impressed all beholders, shaken in mind though he may have been,—was triumphantly acquitted of the murder, and with shattered health and a broken heart, went back to his ruined reservation and to his tribe to live henceforth under a ghastly suspicion which nothing can lighten except the apprehension and conviction of the real destroyer of Mary J. Platt.

The fate of these evicted Teméculans is still one of the test problems of Southern California, and there is no more heart-rending subject to be found to-day throughout the length and breadth of this prosperous land, nor any which better deserves the prayerful and speedy help of those who stand ready to fight the battle of the weak against the mighty. Almost as homeless as the mountain lions that infest the fastnesses of San Jacinto's peaks, almost as helpless as babes in arms, or prisoners in chains, they are hopeless, taskless, cropless, pitifully destitute of the barest necessities of human life, and with prospect that even their cañon spring will be taken from them by a white man's syndicate, rendering further occupation of Pachanga impossible. The same condition I know to be true on the Saboba bench, occupied by another handful of outcast Teméculans, who stand in danger of losing their mountain spring, and thus all means of irrigating their land, watering their cattle, and sustaining their own lives. These mountain springs are of incalculable

value in a country where no rain falls during the entire summer months, to Indian and white man alike, yet there is no question of legal right as to whom these two especial cañon springs belong. Had these evicted Teméculans money with which to protect and fight for their rights, the very ground on which ancient Temécula stood would inevitably be restored to them, and their wandering feet could be stayed once more in their Valley of Joy. Is it any wonder that tragedy still hovers over and horrifies this once lovely vale? The blood of its slain innocents rises up from its now arid wastes, entangles the feet and clouds the brains of its denizens, and can be dissipated only by justice and restitution. The murder of the good teacher at Pachanga is but the latest occult sequence of that tragic scene enacted there twenty years ago, and still as fresh as yesterday in the quivering hearts of the surviving sufferers.

"Ramona," matchless book as it seems, is but the simple story of one small sorrow. There have been tragedies in the San Jacinto valley which wait for a master's voice, and which, when told, will wring the heart of the world. Let us hope that an end has been reached in this inhuman struggle for pelf and power, and that the murder at Pachanga will be the last tragedy in that incomparable region once the abode of peace.

CHARITIES THAT HAVE SUCCEEDED.

BY EDWARD E. HALE.

Any one who engages in the work of charity ought to do so with the definite feeling that he is at work on the ideal range of life, and must not take account of visible or tangible results. He is perhaps at work for a distant future, he is perhaps at work for improvements in character which defy statistics, and are not subjects of visible observation.

Briefly, he is at work because what he is doing is right, and he does not expect to have a return in bank, or in bread and butter, to-day or to-morrow or the next day.

All the same, in the long run it proves that the world is governed by ideas. And one set of these ideas cluster under the word Love, which expresses a great deal. Because the world is governed by such ideas, the world is a better world, physically, to live in now than it was five hundred years ago; and five hundred years ago it was a better world to live in than it was a thousand years before. There is no harm in occasionally studying some of the visible results of such idealism.

If there is any combination of the human family which seems, to the Philistine, quite outside what he is pleased to call practical life and its affairs, it is the meeting together, once a month or once in two months, of the meek and unpractical ministers of a community, to talk of their own professional matters. The world at large does not like what it calls "shop talk," and that department of the talk of the shop which the world at large thinks most absurd, is the talk of a "lot of ministers" among themselves. One has a certain satisfaction then, in going back to the twentieth of June, 1827, to a certain evening at Princeton, in Worcester County in Massachusetts, when a committee of these clergymen recommended the establishment of a county savings bank, as an encouragement "to young men and others to lay up a portion of their wages instead of wasting them, as was too commonly the case, in taverns and tippling-houses." This proposal met with favor, and the result was the formation of the Worcester County Institution for Savings. The Boston Provident Institution for Savings antedates this institution in Worcester County; but the impulse given to this system, which is now a factor so important in the social and financial condition of Massachusetts, is due to the action of these gentlemen on that occasion. It will be interesting to Mrs. Howe and Mrs. Stanton to know that this action was due to some reading and observation of Mrs. Lucy C. Allen, the

wife of the minister of Northborough. She had engaged herself in reading the initial step taken in England for the savings institutions there, and her good sense and Christian charity and literary habit combined in making the suggestions to which, as God orders this world, we owe the existence of nearly two hundred savings banks and institutions for savings, with assets of nearly five hundred millions of dollars.

II. I have just been reading in last week's *Outlook* an eager appeal for improvement in the milk in the city of New York. The subject of milk-supply for cities is one of the most difficult, as it is one of the most important. Whatever else may be old and be thought to improve by age,—as wine or paper, or, in some quarters, theology,—nobody thinks that milk so improves. Your doctor and your mother will not give milk to a child unless it is fresh from the cow. But, alas, it is very difficult to provide this fresh milk, almost from hour to hour, when you bring together hundreds of thousands of people! Alas, it has proved that you can salt milk as you can salt beef, and that salted milk can be kept by its salt from being disgusting, and that such is the milk that is given to children. It must be now twenty years ago since this difficulty engaged the attention of some of the best people in Boston. I like to name the late Judge French as a pioneer in the determination that the milk of Boston should be good. I like to name my distinguished friend, Whittemore Rowell, who was a perfect Amadis in this cause. In her absense at the present moment in Europe, I will name Mrs. Homans, the wife of one of our distinguished physicians. With this little group there was acting William E. Baker, one of the great firm of Grover and Baker, known to so many women because they have seen those words as their sewing machines ran up long seams for them, and they blessed the inventor who had redeemed them from Egyptian drudgery.

Mr. Baker was not satisfied with contributing money in this reform. He meant that the poorest people in Boston should have a chance at the fresh milk. He went from shop to shop at the North End,—which means, in what was then the most crowded section of our city; we do not use the word “slums” here, because we have no slums, but excepting for the very hard work of the people whose names are forgotten in biographical dictionaries, there would have been slums at the North End. Mr. Baker himself inquired at the shops why they did not keep fresh milk for sale, as they kept fresh bread for sale. The answer was, naturally, that in the heat of our summer days they could not keep the milk any better than their poor customers could keep it. With the thermometer going up of a sudden to a hundred, the milk would sour on their hands, and they could not afford to lose it. Mr. Baker saw the reality of this difficulty. He expended at once thirty thousand dollars in the purchase of refrigerators, and he gave these refrigerators to the small corner shops, and the shops too poor to be at the corner, in all parts of Boston. He gave them outright, simply expressing the expectation that they would keep milk for sale through the summer. The great majority of these people,—all of them, for what I know,—accepted these gifts gladly, as well they might; and this one man, by this one act of charity, changed the whole business of milk distribution in Boston. At the present moment,—I have tested it within a week,—I can go down at the end of a hot September afternoon to buy milk, to have the dealer say cheerfully: “As much as you like, Mr. Hale, and you may be sure it will be good.” And good it was, as the patient for whom I bought it testified.

I dare not say how many lives have been saved by this single bold act of William E. Baker’s.

I am tempted to tell, in passing, another story of Mr. Baker. When I knew him so little that I was not sure of his face, he met me on the street one day and asked my opinion of a certain philanthropic enterprise in which he was

greatly interested. I gave it to him briefly, but, supposing he was a Mr. Whiston, I said to him: "You had better ask William E. Baker about this; it is a subject he has studied." Of course, Mr. Baker laughed in my face, and that I did not like. But he checked his amusement so far as to say, "Who is Baker?" I replied at once, "He is a man of whom people will say to you that he is crazy. All I know is that if he is mad I wish he would bite some of the rest." From that time till he died, William E. Baker and I were firm friends.

III. That great banker whom we used to call the philanthropic leader of Boston, Henry Purkitt Kidder, used to say in his brave and cheerful way: "If you want to succeed in business, bet on the country." He had another secret of which he did not speak in words, which gave him immense satisfaction while he lived, which centred in his confidence in youth, in his love of children, in work for the young. I asked him, at the request of the board of teachers, to take the post of superintendent of our Sunday-school. He took the proposal into consideration, and wrote me a note in which he said: "I shall do what you ask. I do not think I am fit for the place, but that is your responsibility. I have seen more than one man die because he had nothing but the business of his office to attend to; I do not propose to die of that disease." Nor did he. He spent an active life in lifting up those who had fallen down, and in opening eyes that were blind; and immense satisfaction he took in it.

This rule of trusting in youth may be relied upon to show its value in philanthropic enterprise, where time is with us because we deal with children who are certainly growing towards being men and women.

One of the thorough successes here in Boston was in an institution which, for many reasons, has never been duplicated. It was what we call the Warren Street Chapel. Charles Francis Barnard, a unique man whose life has just been admirably written by Mr. Tiffany, created this chapel.

While he lived and was well, it lived and was well; his success was its success, its success was his success. The theory of it was, so far as you could state it on paper, that it was a church for children. Whatever it did, week-days or Sundays, was intended for children. First of all the churches in Boston, Catholic or Protestant, it broke up the superstition that the church has no business except on Sunday. Warren Street Chapel was just as active on Wednesday as it was on Sunday, and its activities were all activities for children.

What followed on this was that, some five-and-twenty years after Mr. Barnard began on this business, there were, as he told me, seven thousand men and women in the world who might stop him in the street and speak to him, because they had been pupils in Warren Street Chapel. These people were from all grades of society, from some of the richest families in Boston, and from some of the poorest. They represented all sorts and conditions of men. Mr. Barnard told me, when he had been at work about so long, that so far as they knew not one of the seven thousand had ever fallen into the hands of the criminal officials of the law. With all the temptations of the life of orphans or of children who had dissolute parents, with all the temptations that came on boys who go out to seek their fortunes West and South, here were seven thousand of his graduates who had never tripped into the ranks of crime. Now Harvard College has about seven thousand living graduates; alas, Harvard College can make no such boast as this! I think we should all say that you could ask no better eulogy of a man, to be inscribed on his gravestone, than a record of such a success.

I shall be tempted, as other days of leisure come to me, to write down other simple illustrations like this, of charities which have succeeded. I have written out these notes by way of illustration of the statement made in the opening article of this number. These victories are not won by observation; people who know how to read the New Testament will understand that. They are not won by people who

have made calculations. They have been made by people who loved their fellow men. That is to say, they are moral victories; they are not mathematical victories nor victories of strategy or tactics. Among the teachers in Mr. Barnard's Sunday-school, and those who carried out his plans for the entertainment and elevation of children on week-days, there were, I suppose, many who were neither wise nor even prudent; there were undoubtedly many who were never instructed in sociology or penology; there were many who, if they had been asked their opinion of themselves, would have said they were fools. But they had the great gift of loving the children who were entrusted to them. It is in such love that victory follows.

I will attempt, in subsequent numbers of this series, to entertain those people who like statistics with some of the figures which will prove to the most hardened heart what is value of work for the young,—nay, which will show what are the miracles which are wrought by the Saint John or by the pure-minded Una, who has no talisman but love with which to work a miracle. I have no wish to discourage the people who are closely and organically connected with the systematic enterprises of philanthropy. All the same, I believe it is very important that the world shall understand that the Kingdom of Heaven does not need more organization, more law, or more money. What it needs is that more people shall love their neighbors as they love themselves, and by way of doing so shall come to love the good God as He loves them.

THE EMPIRE OF CHARITY.*

BY ROBERT TREAT PAINE.

Between avarice on the one hand and charity on the other, is there not the true principle of Christian business?

My judgment is that this is the solid rock on which the

* Extract from the opening address of the President at the twenty-second annual meeting of the National Conference of Charities and Correction, at New Haven, Conn., May 24th, 1895.

best growth of future business must stand. Here only can the world find and deserve enduring prosperity; peace instead of war between capital and labor; peace instead of war between the thousands of millions of railroad capital and the tens of millions of farmers, beguiled into bitter hostility as grangers by what they, no doubt partly in error, believed the greed of the common carriers; peace instead of war between labor unions and great corporations.

Workingmen's Loan Associations ought to be extended widely.

May I define man as the only created being which obtains credit? Men of business are relatively few, but they get credit in vast sums. Plain folk are the bulk of mankind and though the credits they need are each small, the number of credits is infinite. Hence the tremendous influence on human welfare of a good or a bad system of credit. Cruel usury is the curse of India, grinding down millions of her people. It was and is a terrible evil in our Southern country, making it almost seem as if the end of labor was only to swell the coffers of money lenders.

Every city and, if not every town, at least every county, needs an adequate, humane system of money lending in small sums on safe security to plain people at just rates of interest, not as a charity, but as a Christian business.

* * *

Civilization seems to me to deserve severe indictment when it devotes its brains to building up Banks of England, France, and Germany, our own banking system and all the admirable facilities for business men to obtain instantly and easily credit almost *carte blanche*, and rests in supreme apathy while the millions of plain people suffer under a system of cruel neglect and outrage, which either provides no credit for their casual necessities, or where the results of credit are distress, wrong, torture, ruin, impoverishment, discouragement, and pauperism.

Is not charity exerting a yet wider range of sweeter and

more pervasive influence by the creation of a certain atmosphere?

Even where divisions of profits are not open to change, she has a counsel, gentle, yet potent, to whisper in the ear of angry disputants.

If bitter words create bad blood, who can foresee how things will mend if charity could teach both sides in a business struggle to deal with mutual respect and eschew that angry scorn which often creates and always embitters the dispute?

This is no childish dream. Charity and solid sense unite to condemn the unutterable folly of present American methods of bitter, wordy war. England is a score of years ahead of America. Self-restraint of speech obviates half the evils of labor conflicts and enables an early settlement to restore, not merely peace, but sincere good will.

Distinguish between the assumed necessities of business and the manner in which they are urged. Terrible examples are fresh in all our memories. The bloody Chicago strike burst into flame, not so much because bad times did not allow the Pullman company to pay a better wage, as because a curt reply of "nothing to arbitrate" inflamed anger. A few hours of considerate discussion would have spared that city and the land the shame and loss and woe of all that tragedy of business and of life.

Is not the same true of the electric railway strike at Brooklyn, deranging the business of that great city a whole month at vast loss to all concerned? True also of the Haverhill shoe strike of last winter.

Do not let me seem to exaggerate. Of course I do not mean that labor disputes would not occur if sweet counsels of charity were heard. What I do mean is, and who will be so hardy as to deny, that an increasing share of labor wars can be escaped if the kindly persuasive influence of considerate charity tempers controversy from long before they begin till long after they end.

* * *

The struggle between altruism and pure self-seeking is so far settled that the best thought of to-day admits and knows that personal service is the corner-stone of the world's progress and a necessary part of inevitable evolution.

Personal service underlies God's universe. Personal service brought our Saviour to His mission and sacrifice for men.

Kidd's Social Evolution has stimulated this most exalted movement of our times, shaping thought into conscious definite shape of noblest altruism.

We know now better than ever before that the cause we serve summons, not in feeble tones of dubious supplication, but as with a voice from Sinai, our noblest sons and most consecrated daughters to the most glorious tasks and cares of life, personal service for every suffering need.

The responsibilities of wealth, what are they? What question just now burns more keenly in the minds and hearts of the rich and of all thoughtful persons? What a bright vista, sparkling with sunshine, opens on eyes of to-day and the imagination of the future? Attacks of envy, ignorance or anarchy or even of unjust law, only hinder the world's advance. Wealth began with Adam's spade and will endure till spades are gone.

Slowly but surely the thought of the world learns that wealth of gold, or faculties, or character, is not a selfish possession, but is charged with splendid trusts. Coöperation was born at Bethlehem, if not before, and was clinched on Calvary.

Let me indulge in paradox and proclaim the impotence of mere philanthropy. Is not Miss Dudley, the head of the Denison House College Settlement in Boston, right when she asserts as a result of her experience that the working classes "cannot be helped fundamentally or primarily by charity or philanthropy, but by coöperation with them in directions which they themselves think will aid them?"

I am a Socialist. But I insist on my right to define this word wisely. Not in any exaggerated or extreme sense,

surely not with any gross materialistic meaning. Is not its noblest meaning that the strength of the strong and the wisdom of the wise must by the laws of Nature and of Nature's God be used to help the weak and the foolish?

Social progress and the glories of great cities are superb. But the struggle up leaves a submerged tenth.

Socialism to me means that the mighty powers of the state, the city, and of social organization shall be judiciously and nobly used to help the submerged tenth up into fuller life—and also to give justice in full measure and equal opportunities to rise to the solid ranks of worthy workingmen and women, who are the great proportion of our population, and are the strength and hope and glory of the new civilization.

Socialism means that the forces of society shall unite and delight to remove hard and unjust conditions and give just opportunities of life to all men.

Who also will not say with me, I am an individualist, conscious of an inexorable law of his being? Only in just union of these two not inconsistent forces, one making for social union, the other for individual life, can the units of the social organism attain their full glory.

So much for what charity in certain large ways is doing; limiting greed by principles of Christian business, and also creating a pervasive atmosphere of Christian charity, often obviating and always tempering disputes, prompting men of noble soul to the service of mankind.

“That each departing day,
Henceforth may see
Some work of love begun,
Some deed of kindness done,
Something for Thee.”

•

INTELLIGENCE.

THE BOYS' REPUBLIC.

A school of citizenship for boys has been established at Freeville, Tompkins County, N. Y. It is an effort to make idle and unruly lads thrifty and self-respecting, and it is also an effort to settle one problem of the slums. The common belief is that boys and girls are hardly able to take care of themselves, but the history of the George Industrial Camp would show the contrary. Two hundred and fifteen boys and eighty-five girls from one of the worst quarters of the East Side were brought within one week under complete discipline, according to Mr. William C. Orton, who writes as follows to the *New York World*:

To a splendid forty-three acre farm, commanding a magnificent view of a beautiful rolling country, Mr. W. R. George has taken, from summer to summer, the fresh-air children who were too disreputable in appearance or too incorrigible in behavior to be harbored by any farmer. On July 5 he took three hundred particularly bad boys and girls to this farm for a two months' stay. Twenty-three young women and seventeen college men, volunteers, accompanied them as attendants and teachers.

The morning of July 6th the first and only Republic of the children, for the children, and by the children was founded.

Within one week the Republic had held its first election, exactly as a New York election is conducted, from registry to stump-speaking and booth-voting, and its President, Senate, Congress, militia, police force, and judiciary were put in working order. From that day the occasions when an

attendant had to say one word in regard to order were rare indeed.

Upon arrival, each child was assigned to a class, the girls being instructed in sewing, dressmaking, millinery, cooking, and housekeeping; the boys in carpentering, farming, landscape gardening, and hostlery. It was through these classes that the efficient work was done, the farm being managed entirely by them. No one was compelled to attend, but for doing so from 10 A.M. to 12 noon each child received at first fifty cents a day. If they improved, they were advanced to seventy cents and ninety cents, being paid in the card board currency adopted by the Government. With this money they paid ten cents for each meal, ten cents for lodging, and three cents a day taxes for support of paupers. Lack of cash compelled one to live on pauper fare—bread and water—and sleep in the pauper's cell on straw. But later this was changed, and a bill was introduced by a Congressman, the son of paupers in New York, to do away with this. He said: "We don't want none idle here. If a fellow won't work let him starve, but no more taxes to support him."

The bill passed, and the camp motto thereafter, "If a man will not work, neither shall he eat," was rigidly adhered to. Yet at every meal there were those so indolent or improvident that they had no money, so sat without the dining-tent and longed for the food that never came. If caught begging, they were arrested by the ever-vigilant police and locked up for one day or fined fifty cents.

Their clothes were not mended; they were given nothing unless they could pay for it; and before three weeks had passed, each child had settled to its level, easily distinguishable by its appearance—the prosperous and the industrious, those who saw chances and scooped them, and the shiftless, improvident, and lazy.

Among the former were two boys who, approaching Mr. George, offered to hire a barn on the place for \$4 a day. They explained that they intended to start a hotel; and the deal was made. Hiring carpenters to make windows and repair leaks,

white-washing the interior, and putting in cots separated by sheets hung from the ceiling, they christened it the Waldorf, and at \$2 a week soon had a full house. It became the resort of the rich, and the proprietors, clearing \$7 a week each, were the Rockefellers of the camp, never working, but having others to do whatsoever they would. Competition made them pay in the end \$7.20 a day for the privilege.

Of course, every public officer received a salary—senators \$1.50, congressmen \$1.20, and policemen ninety cents a day each—and they performed their duties with a faithfulness and energy perhaps rare in public life. If apples were donated, they were put up at auction, and the successful bidder retailed them to his fellows. Others went without the camp, and, getting fruit free, undersold the merchants. This emergency brought forth the man, the McKinley of the camp, who, rising in Congress one day, said: "Mr. Speaker, the Government sells us goods, and, taking our money, lets other fellows come in with free goods, so we get stuck with ours. It ain't a square deal, and I offer a bill putting a tax of twenty-five per cent. on all stuff brought in to be sold."

Here was a national question upon which seventeen speeches were made in the House and nine in the Senate, the bill finally passing. The debates brought out some wonderfully keen fellows, and the weekly elections became very exciting.

The police force and judiciary were among the most interesting features of this little Republic. Admission to the force was through a rigid civil service examination, and the position was a coveted one. Thirteen boys, from twelve to sixteen years old, and two girls (clerks) made up the force. The penalty for failure to enforce laws or arrest offenders was dismissal. After three or four had been deprived of their uniforms, the others, no matter how large the offender, arrested him at once.

Altogether eight boys tried to run away. Four reached New York and wrote back: "Tell Mr. George we liked der place, but didn't want ter be arrested by kid cops."

Being interested, I went to the camp to spend two days in investigating. I was very skeptical as to the work. I stayed twelve days, and unhesitatingly pronounce it the most practical and successful philanthropic work I ever investigated or heard of. The scheme sounded Utopian; it proved wonderfully successful. Let us honor the originator, Mr. George, who without recompense devotes his life to New York boys, and let those who can help the society now being formed to carry on this work to buy the farm and equip it thoroughly.

WILLIAM C. ORTON.

CHRISTIAN LEAGUE INDUSTRIAL CLUB.

AN OPEN PERSONAL LETTER TO EACH MEMBER OF THE NATIONAL CHRISTIAN LEAGUE FOR THE PROMOTION OF SOCIAL PURITY AND TO FRIENDS OF THE WORK OUTSIDE OF THE MEMBERSHIP LIST.

This Home has been established in a large and comfortable house, centrally and pleasantly located, at No. 5 East Twelfth street, three doors from Fifth avenue. It is very convenient of access from all parts of the city. The elevated trains and surface cars on Sixth avenue are only one block distant. The Broadway cable is less than two squares away. The Fifth avenue stages run close by. The large dry good stores, R. H. Macy's and others, on Fourteenth street, Sixth avenue and Broadway, are only a few blocks distant, and within a short walk are many of the leading churches.

The primary object of the Christian League is to afford a pleasant home at very moderate prices for self-supporting women. Excellent beds are furnished at twenty-five cents a night, and small rooms, well furnished, are rented at from \$1.50 to \$8 per week. It is also the purpose of the institu-

tion to support a number of free beds for temporary use for worthy women without means who are seeking employment.

In order to add to the revenue necessary for the support of the institution a number of large and small rooms have been handsomely furnished and are rented to transient and permanent guests for one-half or less the prices of similar accommodations at good hotels. These rooms are especially desirable for ladies and families visiting the city. There are a number of excellent restaurants in the immediate neighborhood. It is the purpose of the Board of Managers to resume, on a more extended plan, a restaurant in the house for the convenience of the guests.

The spirit of the Christian League Club Home will always be an earnest and liberal one, free from narrow restrictions that imply suspicion of character and that seek to restrain a reasonable liberty of action. We always assume that the guests who live under our roof are worthy of respect and confidence; and whether they pay more or less for their accommodations they will all receive the same friendly welcome and attention. As far as possible employment will be furnished for those who seek it, and constant efforts are being made to aid worthy women who are trying to maintain themselves. An industrial store has been opened in the front parlor of the house, where a large variety of articles made in the home or contributed by friends are offered for sale. It is hoped that this department will furnish aid toward the support of the Home.

It is not expected that this Home can be made entirely self-sustaining and at the same time afford substantial aid to many girls and women who are entirely without money. The managers, therefore, make earnest appeal to all benevolent Christian people who appreciate the possibilities of usefulness for such an institution to aid it from time to time by contributions of money or such articles as may be useful in the conduct of the house or may find a sale in the industrial store.

We expect a considerable deficiency during the first year of the existence of the Home, but we are confident that this will steadily diminish, and that in the course of two or three years the Home will be, to a considerable extent, at least, self-supporting. A large expense has been incurred in the purchase of furniture, carpets, and all sorts of household conveniences, and many additional articles are still needed for its complete equipment.

The League opened an Industrial Home at No. 5 East Twelfth street the 1st of May, 1895, particularly for the benefit of self-supporting women and girls.

The house was purchased by a member, who has personally earned the \$5,000 which has been paid down upon this piece of property, leaving a mortgage of \$34,000. The interest money, taxes, changes and necessary expenses of the property will amount to much the same as the ordinary renting of such a house. The house contains twenty-eight rooms. The Home is established entirely on the family plan.

We do not propose to associate incongruously all phases and conditions of human life, while we do not prohibit the admission of an old grandmother, a young mother with her baby, or even an old father with his faithful, trusting daughter, who is able to earn her own support and do something for her aged parent.

The Home is designed to give temporary relief. It will extend transient hospitality to the wayfarer in need, whether male or female, young or old, ignorant or cultured, but self-respecting.

The management of the Home will try to do all in its power to make every inmate realize that she or he is responsible for its financial success.

The members of this industrial family will assume that each is the legal and legitimate heir to all the benefits which through their efforts accrue to the Home, to which all may return whenever they like, if there is room.

The renting of the rooms and lodgings is a practical source of income.

We have provided a number of free beds and free rooms, for the support of which we need money.

A special feature of income to the Home and aid to the occupants is the industrial store, sewing and clerical work department, a laundry and other employments.

A restaurant will serve meals at from two cents to thirty.

The Industrial Home will be managed strictly on the co-operative plan.

The Home will avoid in every possible way the impression that it is established for girls and women who have in any sense stepped aside from the path of rectitude.

The Home will be continued while the present management and dollars last, on the plan of the Creator for the family, as exemplified by the teachings set forth in the New Testament.

The management earnestly solicits aid from all persons receiving this circular letter, and asks that all who read it will send to the president or to the treasurer, Dr. Nancy M. Miller, whatever they can spare of money, or clothing, or household goods, to show their approval and their desire to give an expression of practical encouragement to the workers at the headquarters.

We shall be glad to receive contributions of furniture, or products of any sort, from a quart of beans for the restaurant or store, to a cargo of coal, potatoes, or flour.

We need bedding of every sort, new or old, so that it be usable, as we shall have a place to utilize everything that any one will contribute.

We also need crockery, glassware, and cooking utensils.

We hope in time to have a farm, where we can send those who are best fitted to build up a home in the country, and where we can give them employment that shall be a benefit to them and help to furnish food products for the City Home.

We shall try to make the Home at least half self-supporting during the first year, but we need help especially to get established.

We realize fully that this is a very venturesome movement, entailing great responsibility for people with little money, while we wish to state that not a dollar of debt will be incurred beyond the personal responsibility of the president, who will assume the entire financial indebtedness.

The National Christian League has been obliged to solve its own theories in practice by creating employment to prevent women and girls from accepting unrighteous propositions made to them as friendly aids to self-support. It is for this purpose and to this end that the Industrial Home is established, and the good will and material aid of all who are interested are solicited. Please reply to this printed matter as you would if it were a manuscript personal letter to you only.

E. B. GRANNIS, President,
33 E. 22d St., N. Y. City.

NANCY M. MILLER, M. D., Treas.

JAFFNA COLLEGE.

BY MARY LEITCH.

Jaffna College has just received a young Brahmin convert who has fled from his native place,—Arcot, India,—to escape the persecution of his friends and relatives on his becoming a Christian. He has joined the Jaffna College and will be able, we hope, to pursue his studies there in peace and safety.

In response to a petition, signed by over five thousand of the people here, Dr. Grieve has kindly consented to see patients here two days in the week. She had twenty-seven patients the last day she was here, and I think will have more to-day, as I see that already many carts have come into the yard bringing sick people. There are great rejoicings here because medical work for women has been actually set on foot in this station.

* *

The building works of the Women's Medical Mission are going on well. Mr. Ward, the civil engineer, who has the supervision of the work, told me the other day that the walls of all the buildings would be up and the roofing finished by the end of September, and at the rate at which the work is now going on, all the works should be finished by the end of the year. He told me that the contractors were doing the work in a very satisfactory manner.

I will close my letter by quoting an extract from a recent address given by Rev. Hudson Taylor, to the sentiment of which my heart responds most fervently: "Forty years ago I landed on the shores of China. I have done very little there, but I have received very much, and I have learned to know something more of my Heavenly Father than I knew forty years ago. It is worth going to the ends of the earth to get nearer to that great heart of love. And the Almighty arm is linked with that heart; when the heart moves, the hand always moves."

The Woman's Improvement League of Minneapolis, Minn., is engaged in carrying out plans for the beautifying of the city and bettering the condition of its people. Shade trees have been set out on several streets; 7,108 school children have been furnished with flower-seeds, with instructions how to use them for the best results. They intend also to interest the children in exterminating the Russian thistle. The League will soon open cheap bath-rooms with competent persons in charge.

The fourth Indiana State Conference of Charities will be held at Fort Wayne, October 15, 16, and 17. Its members are mostly practical men and women, actively engaged in some of the many and various departments of the work which they come together to discuss. At the coming meeting important papers will be given on City Charity Work, Care of the Insane, Child-saving Work, Penal and Reformatory Work, and the Care of the Feeble-Minded.

CHEAP LUNCHES.

Our readers have been interested in the Noon-day Rest of Boston, which is a coöperative lunch club. There are, however, many workers who, for one reason or another, could not avail themselves of a Rest even if there were one in the immediate vicinity of their workrooms. Young men are not *well* fed at restaurants, and the question of lunches is an important one to many of them.

A bright woman in New York has undertaken to furnish lunches at ten cents to clerks in some of the large stores in New York City and has a large number of steady customers. The business is growing and she is giving employment now to several girls.

Every day sandwiches of a different kind are served, and different kinds of fruit and tarts are delivered. The entire lunch is wrapped in tissue paper and packed in a neat little cardboard box. The girls employed by the young woman start out at eleven o'clock every day and begin distributing the boxes. At one o'clock their work is over. The young woman's customers are not limited to the low-salaried workers in the various stores. Salesmen, heads of departments, and members of the different firms take the lunches now. Everyone pays for his lunch when he gets it, there is no credit; to which fact the young woman probably owes a large part of her prosperity.

A similar effort has been made in Boston, but the price of the lunch is fifteen cents instead of ten. These lunches go by the name of "Hallo, Bill" by the clerks as that is printed on the boxes in which the lunches are packed. There is room for other people to enter the business, for all the clerks are not yet supplied.

THE SCHOOL OF SOCIOLOGY.

The School of Sociology at Hartford, Conn., is about to enter upon its second year. The first curriculum has been successfully completed. The development of the practical

side has been effected, not only by field work, study of institutions and investigation of local problems, but by the organization of a Sociological Club, which is divided into sections for special research. A Social Settlement has been established under its superintendence. The objects of this club are :

- I. Promotion of the study of Sociology.
- II. The practical development of Sociology in Hartford.
- III. Assistance to Sociological organizations already existing.

IV. Institutional Movements.

V. Municipal Progress.

VI. Federation of Sociological organizations.

A substantial library of Sociology has been founded, and a reading room is well furnished with the periodical literature of this science.

For thirty years the homes of Dr. Barnardo in England have never closed their doors on any waif, orphan or destitute child, "without distinction of age, sex, creed, birth-place, or physical conditions." Over 26,000 children have been rescued from lives of misery and crime, and educated and trained for useful lives. Seven thousand five hundred have been sent out to the British colonies where good homes have been found for them, many having grown up to fill positions of influence. Nearly five thousand boys and girls are now under training in the institutions.

A Brotherhood House has just been opened on East Newton street, Boston, by the Boston Local Council of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew. Three members of the Brotherhood are expected to reside at the house permanently, and young men from the country, recommended by the clergyman of the parish from which they come, will find a home-like place to live, with excellent influences about them. What are known as "settlements" are increasing in every large city, and the value to the neighborhoods in which they are located, is now recognized by thoughtful people.

MANASSAS INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.

Saturday, September 28th, was the greatest day that the colored people of Manassas and surrounding country have witnessed since emancipation. The occasion was the dedication of the new Howland Hall of the Industrial School for Colored Youths. The exercises were opened at 10.40 A. M. in the main school room of the building, Prof. H. P. Montgomery, president, presiding. Mr. Massey, the state superintendent of public instruction, and other gentlemen from the county and from Washington were present.

After singing by the school choir, prayer was offered by Rev. F. Cook. Congressman Meredith gave an address of welcome, and said the school would make better citizens of the white as well as the colored citizens of Manassas. Rev. Dr. Brooks delivered the address of the day, which was received with much enthusiasm by all who were present. Mr. Massey gave an address on the general educational work of the state. Dr. H. M. Clarkson, county superintendent of public schools, gave a sketch of the work of the school and its influence for good in the community, paying a tribute to Miss J. Dean and Miss Thompson, its founders; Miss Emily Howland of New York, and others who have contributed liberally to its support. Judge Nichol, Rev. J. H. Bradford, Capt. R. H. Tyler, E. Baldwin and others testified to their interest in the colored race and the Mannasas Industrial School, and pledged their earnest and continued support. At night a household entertainment was conducted by Miss M. E. Vernon, and those present were addressed by Lawyer W. H. Sadler of Alexandria, Va.

Our readers will remember that the first building erected on the grounds of the Manassas Industrial School and dedicated by Frederick Douglass on September 3, 1894, known as Howland Hall, in honor of the donor, Miss Emily How-

land, was destroyed by fire during the blizzard of last winter. Renewed energy in behalf of a new building has resulted in the erection of a more attractive and commodious structure than the other, which is still to be called Howland Hall. The first Howland Hall contained but sixteen rooms, without cellar, attic or furnaces, and the fire resulted from a defective flue in stove heating. The new building is much larger and safer, containing thirty-nine rooms, a cellar with four furnaces, and a spacious attic. Special attention has been given to the furnace setting, and the flues are fire proof, the sheet-iron pipes being inclosed in terra cotta, so that there may be no possibility of last winter's disaster being repeated.

A Washington paper says :

"Of the many friends who most generously aided in the collection of funds for rebuilding, none were more zealous than Mrs. Bernard Whitman of Boston, representing the Lend a Hand Clubs, and Mrs. Burton Harrison of New York. These two gifted women, each the center of literary society in her own city, were the unfailing friends of Jennie Dean, whose untiring work for the Manassas School is now so well known, and through their combined efforts, with the gift of another thousand dollars from Miss Howland, added to the insurance received from the first building, this larger Howland Hall was made possible.

"The Manassas Industrial School bids fair to be one of the most reliable and successful institutions for industrial training in the country. Experienced educators have pronounced the first year's work excellent, notwithstanding the episode of the fire, the manual methods being modern and scientific, the English training thorough, and the school maintaining a high standard of morality and discipline."



Complete List of Published Books

By EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

1848	*The Rosary (edited).....		
1850	*Margaret Percival in America.....		
	*Scenes from Christian History.....		
1852	*Letters on Irish Immigration.....		
1854	*Kansas & Nebraska.....		1.50
1855	*Prize Essay on Juvenile Delinquency.....		
1856	*America.....		
1860	*Elements of Christian Doctrine. Sermons.....		
1861	*Ninety Days' Worth of Europe.....		
1863	The Man Without a Country. Cloth Ill. \$1.50, Cloth Plain School Edition, 50c., Boards 25c., Paper 20c.		
1865	*The President's Words.....		
1868	If, Yes, and Perhaps; now called The Man Without a Country and other Stories.....		
1869	*Puritan Politics in England and New England.....		
"	*Sybaris and other Homes.....Cloth	\$1.25	
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